

7

ILLUST.

鶴崎貴大

おとぎ話のまじまじ

異世界魔王と 召喚少女の 奴隷魔術

The King of
Darkness Another
World Story

Isekai Maou to Shoukan Shoujo Dorei Majutsu

Vol.7

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[Novel Updates](#)

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ディアヴロは急な光が眩しく、
目を細めつつも相手を睨む。
息を呑んだ。
——た、たしかに、驚くような容姿だ！
ラフレイシャは、魔乳^{まにゅう}だった。

With the sudden light being dazzling, Diablo glared at the other party while

narrowing his eyes. He gulped. —C, certainly, that is a surprising appearance! Rafleisha, had demonic breasts.



「Now then, let us head towards the altar.」「Fuwah—!?! Are we going while naked!?!」「.....In, in this village.....There are only Dark Elf females, right!?!」



And then, as for the lower half of her body, the tentacles got as far as inside her underwear— Shera was unable to let her voice out but she earnestly tried

to shout. —That place, is no goodddd!!

Prologue

Part 1

Royal Capital Seven Wall, Sixth District Inn 《Phoenix House》—

The rain that started falling a little past noon continued on until night.

Raindrops hit the large window.

The light of the candlestick that was placed on the side table swayed, and the shadows of the people in the room danced.

The young Elven girl was asleep on the bed.

She was the princess of the Greenwood Kingdom, and was currently in the middle of running away, Shera L Greenwood. Her complexion was pale, her expression was pained, and her breathing was rough.

"Haa.....haa....."

The High Chief Priest, Lumachina Weselia, was beside her, giving her a long prayer. She was able to manifest a 《miracle》 that was able to make an injured person who was on the verge of death have a complete recovery.

However, Shera's complexion remained poor.

"....."

"How is her condition?"

When Diablo, who had entered the room, called out, Lumachina cast her eyes down and shook her head side-to-side.

"She still has a fever. It hasn't gotten worse though."

Having entered the room together with him, the young Pantherian girl—Rem Galeu made a suggestion.

"In that case, she should get better if she gets some sleep. Also, I will look after her. Lumachina, it would be best for you to get some rest. You have duties at the Church as well, don't you?"

".....Yes."

Leaving Rem in Shera's room, Diablo and Lumachina returned to the common room.

Part 2

The inn that Alicia Cristela the State Knight had prepared not only had a room for every person, but even had a common room that could be used by everyone.

Rose the Magimatic Maid stood alongside the wall.

On the sofa, Horun the Grasswalker gazed at the window. As if she were thinking about something.

Needing to return to the Grand Chapel, Lumachina put on her overcoat.

"Diablo-sama, it would seem that the emotional burden is the cause of Shera-san's fever. I should have cleansed the disease, and cured her body as well but.....On top of the fatigue that accumulated on our journey up until now, with the recent matter."

Certainly, after having departed from Faltra City about two months earlier, although they had physical rest in between, it was a series of mental strains. They had even experienced scenes where their lives were in danger many times.

And then, there was the news of her father's death.

Diablo shrugged his shoulders.

"I guess it can't be helped that she'll be staying in bed."

"I am terribly sorry. For how the my timing of informing everyone was inappropriate....."

"Do not mind it."

It was the news of the death of a parent. Unless there were some huge circumstances to it, it isn't a matter that should be hidden.

"Shera-san, she might say that she wants to temporarily return to the Greenwood Kingdom. But with that body, there is the risk that she will push herself too hard."

Since Lumachina had been traveling with them for a short while, they could be healed even if it was a serious injury or an illness. The High Chief Priest was also the greatest Healer in the Lifelia Kingdom.

However, since she had regained her real power in the Church, she would have the role as the supreme leader of it from now on. She could no longer travel

together with them.

Diablo nodded.

"We will stay in the royal capital for a short while."

"Please do that. If there is a change in her condition, go to the Church immediately. I will hand you this."

Lumachina handed him a silver holy symbol.

Although it was the size of a decorative brooch that went on the chest, when he tried holding it, some weight could be felt. It was like a lump of genuine silver.

"This is?"

"It is the emblem of the Head of the Holy Knights. Diablo-sama, although the position of the Head of the Holy Knights is inadequate for your treatment, there is nothing else that I can immediately prepare. If you show this holy symbol, any church should spare no effort to cooperate with you."

"You are telling me to become the Head of the Holy Knights, is that what this means?"

"I would be happy if you would do that. However, Diablo-sama, you are a great personage that is needed in the world. I thought that a position where you would be called to the Church's rites would be troublesome for you.....So please consider this as something done for form's sake."

"Fumu.....I see."

He was poor with social events and the like.

He would get sleepy when hearing the talks of important people.

And a Demon King participating in a church event had a strange feeling to it after all.

Even so, being able to obtain assistance from any church was useful. In the Lifelia Kingdom, there were churches even in remote villages, and they were not places where one merely prayed, but also had functions as the post office, the bank, and the school.

Diablo decided to accept the holy symbol.

"The Greenwood Kingdom is far away after all. Of course we will make sure that Shera's physical condition is perfect, but various preparations will probably be needed as well."

Even in the game, it was a distance that would take more than an hour if Transfer wasn't used.

Going by previous experience—a distance that would take three minutes in the MMORPG Cross Reverie would take about five hours in this other world.

When heading to the Demon King territory from Faltra City, it took even more time. For a distance that took about one hour in the game would take a fortnight. This time, they should be able to use the highway up until midway, but they probably should prepare enough food and water for it.

—Although I can use magic when needed, I would like to avoid wastefully using MP after all.

Lumachina asked a question.

"Diablo-sama, have you gone to the Greenwood Kingdom before as well?"

Come to think of it, he himself was a being that was summoned from another world. In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, he had run about around the world, but he had not visited it here.

He couldn't say something like "I have gone there in a game".

Even so, Diablo nodded as if to say "naturally".

"It is because I am a Demon King. I possess varied knowledge."

"As expected of you.....Even though the Elven suzerain state is shut away deep in the 《Forest of Bewilderment》 and is said to be an unreachable unexplored region for anyone other than the ones allowed in."

He recalled that there was that sort of setting even in the MMORPG Cross Reverie.

However, in the game, it was possible to go there in an opening event, and since he had visited it once, it was possible to easily go there with 《Transfer》. Diablo thought about it—To be honest, it didn't have an "unexplored region" feeling to it. It was a place that wasn't kept a secret in the same way as a "secret hot spring that was introduced on a TV program".

And since Shera was there as well, they shouldn't get lost in the forest.

"There is no need for you to worry."

"Yes. For someone like me to feel anxious over you, Diablo-sama, I have made an impertinent action."

Lumachina deeply bowed her head.

Right when she said "well then" and tried to leave the room—

Horun stood up and raised her voice.

"U, um! Can I have a moment -ssu ka!?"

She had an unusually serious air around her. It seemed that she had some sort of reason for it.

"Is something the matter?"

"I.....I have something to talk about to you -ssu, Lumachina-san. Danna, I'd like for you to hear it too -ssu."

"I understand."

"Very well."

Diablo also nodded.

Going by how Horun looked, it seemed to be an important talk.

Rose was also in the room, but they didn't have her expressly go outside.

Part 3

Horun returned to the sofa.

Having taken off her overcoat, Lumachina sat down on the opposite side from her. Diablo sat down next to her.

"I will allow it, talk."

".....Y, yes -ssu."

Maybe because she worried over this quite a bit, Horun's rabbit ears were restlessly twitching about, and sweat appeared on her forehead.

Horun was a Grasswalker. They were a race that had rabbit-like ears and tails, and their physical appearance wouldn't change from being like that of a child even when they became adults.

That being said, she was an actual child. She was still twelve years old.

The black-dyed leather 《Master and Servant Choker》 was fitted on her neck.

The 《Master and Servant Contract》 where Diablo was the master and Horun was the servant had bound them together. The servant would level up depending on the master's strength. As she was now, she was a level 80 Thief. Putting it plainly, she was strong. She wasn't a Class that specialized in battle, but even so, she was probably stronger than a normal soldier.

As compensation, when the master dies, the servant would also lose their life. It was that sort of contract.

Lumachina quietly awaited her words. Probably having grown accustomed to confessions and consultations, she was really calm.

Diablo was secretly nervous.

He was bad with talking with people from the start. Now on top of that, with the other party having a serious look, he thought "I can't make a careless response" and had a cold sweat run down his back.

Gi Horun bit down her back teeth.

She took three deep breaths.

Suddenly, she got down from the sofa, and got on both knees on the floor.

Placing both hands on the ground, she lowered her head.

"Please -ssu! I, I want to go somewhere to study magic -ssu!"

"What did you say!?"

Diablo unconsciously raised his voice at the sudden "request".

Horun was startled and her body started trembling.

"U, up until now, I have been completely in your care, and I feel guilty about this -ssu.....B, but, I.....as I thought! I want to become a Magician just like you -ssu, Danna!"

It was an unexpected aspiration.

Even though she had paid such a large compensation, and had finally become a high level Thief, to think that she had an eye on a different path.

However, having no signs of surprise, Lumachina nodded.

"Before.....when we had talked about how there were schools for magic even in the royal capital—You had signs of holding interest. Are you really thinking that you would like to take lessons?"

"Yes. So, you noticed -ssu ka, Lumachina-san."

"Horun-san, it is because I knew that you admired Diablo-sama."

"That's, I do think that I can't become strong like Danna -ssu.....But, I....."

"Want to become a 《Chemical Element Magician》, right?"

".....I might be laughed at by other people though -ssu kedo."

In this other world, when speaking of 《Magicians》, it would normally be about 《Summoners》. Summoned Beasts were considered to be superior. It was because although it was lacking in firepower, it was safer.

The research on Chemical Elemental Magic hasn't advanced at all, and was believed to be weak and useless.

Lumachina shook her head left and right.

"We who know about Diablo-sama wouldn't laugh, you know?"

"Thank goodness -ssu. Ah, but.....um.....I....."

Horun peeked over and turned her gaze towards him.

Lumachina also made a worried looking face.

Even Rose who was standing alongside the wall stared at his direction.

After a moment, Diablo finally realized that they were "seeking his opinion".

Due to him lacking in communication skills, he fundamentally under the impression that "they would ignore his existence, and wouldn't seek his opinion".

After coming to this other world, such a thing never happened though.....
A habit that was imprinted on him over many years couldn't be overruled so easily.

Going *ohon*, he cleared his throat.

"Hmph.....You should do as you like."

Horun's expression became bright from Diablo's words.

"Really -ssu ka, Danna!?"

"If you wish to become a Magician, then you may learn magic to your heart's content. As if you needed anyone's permission."

"Th, thank you very much -ssu!"

Horun lowered her head once again.

Gon Her forehead hit the floor.

Lumachina made a surprised looking face.

"....."

"What is it?"

"It was a bit unexpected. Diablo-sama, I thought that you would object."

"And why is that?"

"Grasswalkers are a race that have excellent magical power but.....I believe that Horun's aptitude lies in being a Thief. Even though she already possesses such satisfactory abilities, it would be inefficient to learn other things.....is what I thought you would object with."

"Certainly, it would be inefficient....."

Diablo thought about it.

—Having an experienced person interfere with a beginner's playthrough by telling them to do this and that, is something that I hate. Why not let them take the roundabout way? Why deny them the challenge? Something like basking in a sense of superiority through teaching them and taking away the joy of going through trial and error even though they enjoyed that fun themselves.....That is the worst.

Not wanting to become like that kind of person, Diablo didn't become a coach for beginners. If they sought only the correct answer from the beginning and disliked doing the research, then they shouldn't have started the game to begin with.

However, he was unable to skillfully put that into words.

Lumachina and the others didn't know that this world resembled the MMORPG Cross Reverie. By talking about meddling advanced Players, they probably wouldn't understand. It was doubtful if they would even be able to understand the word "game".

Diablo averted his gaze.

".....In any case, I will not object. I won't approve of it either though."

"Most likely, there will be many more hardships than any other path that await her."

"And does she expect that?"

"Yes, it would seem so—Horun-san, do you understand? Have you made your resolve?"

Having been asked that, she nodded.

"Of course -ssu!"

Lumachina accepted it.

"Very well. Then I shall send a recommendation to the Magician's Guild for you. So that you may enroll in an academy meant for beginners."

"Th, thank you very much -ssu!"

".....You cannot use your Thief Skills at the academy, you know?"

"Of course -ssu!"

Diablo decided to confirm something.

"About how many days does it take to learn the foundations for a Magician?"

"It depends on the person, but I believe that students typically graduate from the academy at fifteen years old. Since Horun-san will be a bit late in enrolling, it might be even later than that though."

"You mean it will take three years!?"

"Yes."

".....Is that so."

Thinking about it closer, since it was a so-called school, that wasn't all that strange.

With his senses from the game, he thought that it would end much faster. So that meant that Horun would stay in the royal capital for the time being. Lumachina made a supplement.

"The magic academy in the royal capital has a boarding system. Although it is possible to meet with family or guardians, after enrollment, I believe it would

be better to think that you will not be able to meet with them for a while. "

Horun made a face that looked like she was about to cry.

"Seriously -ssu ka!? Ah, no.....Danna is going to the Elven country after all.....s, so that is something I already knew -ssu."

It was only for a short time, but they had gone on an adventure together. He felt loneliness.

However, being reluctant to part wasn't Demon King-like.

Diablo made a face that said that he didn't care, and shifted the topic.

"Earlier, you said to not use your Thief Skills at the academy—didn't you? There is one thing I want to confirm but, by aiming to be a Magician, her level as a Thief won't reset, right?"

Lumachina tilted her head.

"That's, true, isn't it? If she doesn't use them for a long time, her skills might decline a bit but....."

"Fumu....."

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, there was a thing called a Class.

Using bonus points that came when leveling up, it could be altered to an extent, but the basic growth values were fixed. Warrior-types would improve their abilities to use weapons, and Magicians would learn magic. It was that sort of system.

When changing Classes, the level would reset. When returning to a Class, the level would also return though.

Diablo thought about it.

—Was that, a measure for the game?

In games where it was easy to level up (at least much easier than in this other world), if one could accumulate levels of other classes, it would only become natural that advanced Players would aim to max out the level of all Classes.

Then as a result, the characters that were developed would all have the same abilities. The individuality would disappear.

Therefore, a restrictive system was put in so that multiple Classes could be developed.

It was different in this other world.

The abilities that were learned wouldn't just vanish.

Comparing it with reality, that was only natural.

So this meant that Horun would aim for level ups as a Magician while still being a level 80 Thief.

However, it seemed that she wouldn't accumulate experience points that easily though.....

The Adventurers that were in towns of the Races' territory were around level 20.

If they were level 40, then they were famous and powerful people. Even though something like 40 was something that could be attained if one played for a week in the game.

Although this other world was similar to the MMORPG Cross Reverie, it was not a game. If one died, they really would die. Earning experience points meant risking one's life.

People that would go as far as braving danger to try and level up were rare. —Well, if it's a school, then there probably aren't any dangers that would cause her to die though. That's probably why the basics would take three years.

Diablo turned his gaze to Horun.

"If you are going to do it, do it with all of your power. Even if the desire dies along the way, if you fall forward with it, then there will be no regrets."

She shed drops of tears.

"Dannaaaaa.....I.....I will!! Thank you very muchhhhhh!!"

She ended up having a terrible face with snot dripping down.

Lumachina expressed a gentle smile, and she wiped her face with a handkerchief.

Chapter 1: Sylvie Again

Part 1

The next day, evening—

Rem came out from Shera's room.

".....It looks like she's doing better than yesterday. She was able to eat a little after all."

"Can she still not get up?"

She nodded at Diablo's question.

".....She is barely able to raise her body in the bed. I think it will take a bit more time. But it seems that her feelings have calmed down."

"I see."

It was time for them to have dinner as well.

They asked to have their meals carried to the common room.

Rem looked around the room.

".....Is Horun still in her room?"

"Umu. It seems that she is reading the book that was delivered from Lumachina this morning."

".....That sure is a nostalgic book. I also read that and learned the basics of magic."

"Fumu."

Diablo folded his arms, and made a pensive look.

For the letters of this country, as expected, he learned enough to know the names of goods and price tags, but he didn't learn enough to be able to read a book.

—I thought about this before, but I wonder if I should try learning to read and write as well?

However, a Demon King that does studying at the same level of a child is probably uncool.

Although he had his own room right now, he would normally be eating and sleeping together with Rem and Shera. It didn't seem like he would have much time to be able to study alone.

The door was knocked on.

Did an employee of the 《Phoenix House》 come to bring in food?

Rose the Magimatic Maid received them.

She turned the knob.

The door opened.

At the height of her line of sight, rabbit ears swayed.

They were a Grasswalker. They had red-colored hair and an amiable smile.

"Ya—, Diablo-san! I finally met up with you!"

Raising one hand up, they waved their hand left and right.

Their appearance was only having a small amount of cloth on, and was something close to being naked.



Diablo opened his eyes wide.

"Is that you, Sylvie!?"

".....Did you not figure it out until seeing her clothes just now?"

Having reproachful eyes turned towards him, he shed a cold sweat in his mind.

"H, hmph.....Don't say something so foolish."

Diablo was poor at remembering the faces of people. He was good at remembering game settings though.

Rose made a confirmation.

"Master, is this person not an enemy?"

"Umu. You can't let your guard down around her though."

"Ahaha.....Oh please, Diablo-san. I'm an ally, you know? You're an Adventurer of Faltra City, and I am the Guild Master, right."

She was an influential person who they could rely on.

However, with Krum's case, there was also a time where she opposed them. Sylvie was an Adventurer that fought for the sake of the Races. Since it was not like she obeyed Diablo, it was also possible for her to become an enemy depending on the situation.

—For the time being, it doesn't look like there's any hostility, so then what did she come here for?

Since he didn't know the reason why she came to visit, he was nervous in his mind. Even so, he dealt with her while seeming self-important with his usual Demon King role play.

"Hmph.....To expressly come all the way to the royal capital from Faltra City, you must have some important business, don't you? I shall at least hear your story."

Saying "Pardon the intrusion", Sylvie entered the room. With a childish behavior, she went "Ei" and sat on the sofa.

Since she was a Grasswalker, she had the outward appearance of a child, but it seemed that she had experienced the 《Races and Demonic Being War》 between the Races and the Demon King that happened thirty years ago. At that time, the door was knocked on once again.

This time, it was for setting up dinner.

Plates of various sizes were lined up on the common room's long table. A tasty-smelling scent wafted about.

Sylvie's eyes sparkled.

"Fuwaah.....Is there some sort of celebration today!?"

Rem shrugged her shoulders.

".....At this inn, all three meals are usually like this."

"That's amazing!"

".....Since you came over, you can eat some too. Shera and Rose's portions will be left over after all."

Since Rose was Magimatic, she did not take normal meals.

And then, Horun's portion was taken to her room.

Sylvie tilted her head.

"Now that you mention it, what's wrong with Shera-chan?"

".....She is in poor physical health."

"Arara, could it be, was it because she heard about her father?"

".....So you knew."

"Gathering information is one of the jobs of an Adventurer after all—."

While saying that, Sylvie moved a chair of the long table. She held a knife and a fork in her hands.

Due to having travelled together with Lumachina, Rem and the others picked up a habit of praying for a meal. Diablo also waited silently.

While having their meal, they ended up hearing Sylvie's story.

Part 2

"*Hagu* hagu* *hagu*....."

"Sylvie, do not just eat and speak of your business."

"*Hanguh*.....*Ngaguguh!* Puhaa! Don't rush me like that. I urgently came to the royal capital after all."

Perori Completely eating up the roast chicken, she licked her lips with her tongue.

Rem asked a question.

".....How did you determine that we were in this inn?"

"It's because when you guys visited Faltra City, you all were bringing along the High Chief Priest. You also said that you would be heading to the royal capital. And so, after going to the Grand Chapel, I was told from the person herself."

".....You say it as if it were so simple, but I am surprised. At Faltra city, Lumachina covered her face so that her identity wouldn't be exposed. Moreover, to have a face-to-face meeting with the High Chief Priest, several arrangements should have been needed."

"I have confidence in my powers of observation. And although a face-to-face meeting would be difficult normally, after bring out your names, I was allowed to meet with her immediately."

".....Doing something so dangerous.....If we had failed and the Cardinal Institute were still in control of the Church, what would you have done?"

"Of course, I completed my investigations on that part. Well, in regards to the source of information, I guess I'll keep that a secret. They do say that "maidens with many secrets are more charming", right?"

She expressed a childish smile.

Diablo encouraged her to continue her story.

Sylvie drank up some grape juice.

"*Gokun*, *gokun*.....Puhaa! So bittersweet~, I've come back to life~. And so.....one piece of my business, was about Shera-chan's father but, it looks like there's no longer a need for me to tell you guys, is there?"

".....Just to be sure, I would like to confirm it. "Shera's father, the Greenwood

King has passed away”, is that the information?”

"Yup. Although the queen who is her mother is alive, since she was married in from an outside house and isn't of royal lineage, she has no inheritance rights. Putting it bluntly, if Shera-chan doesn't return home, the bloodline will come to an end."

Diablo snorted.

"That is no concern of mine."

"Haha.....I thought you'd say that. But, don't you think that Shera-chan would want to go back home at least once? After having a parent die, people would normally think that they would like to offer a prayer in front of their grave after all. Diablo-san, you wouldn't object to this either, would you?"

Even when they were in Faltra City, even though he had not met with Sylvie that frequently, she had completely seen through his personality.

Rem asked a question.

".....If Shera returned to her country, would she become the queen?"

"Who knows? I don't know as far as the Greenwood Kingdom's finer customs. Something like an Elven king passing away while only having girls for children, as far as I know, this is the first time this has happened. Well, if you're worried, wouldn't it be fine if you just went along with her?"

".....That is what I intend to do though."

"Fufu.....You've changed, Rem-san."

"Eh?"

"In the past, you'd say “I don't need specific companions”—and no matter which party invited you, you would refuse to join them."

".....Th, that is.....I had various circumstances."

"Could this be an influence from Diablo-san?"

".....In a certain meaning, one could say that."

"Did it also have any connection to the Demon King being sealed within you, Rem-san?"

"Wha!?"

Kicking back the chair, Rem half-rose to her feet.

Diablo was also surprised.

—Why did she know!?

However, he had his outward appearance remain calm.

"Sylvie, this story.....Did you hear it from Celes?"

"Celes-san wouldn't talk about secrets. Magicians are tight-lipped. Well, if I had to disclose the secret—I heard it from Krum-chan. After I gave her some Ralivel almond biscuits which were rumored to be the tastiest in the world, she told me various things."

Sylvie knew that Krum was a Demon King.

That's why she might have thought that it wouldn't be a problem to tell her about some other things.

Rem's facial expression went grim.

".....Kuh.....As I thought, I cannot let my guard down around you."

"That's unfortunate. But Rem-san, it's better than being unable to help you without knowing your circumstances. Why didn't you talk to me about it? Even though I think of all of the Adventurers affiliated to the guild as family."

".....It's because I can't trust your speech and conduct."

"Aryarya. Can't you do something about that—the most important business that I came to the royal capital from Faltra City was actually related to you, Rem-san."

"To me.....?"

"I do understand that you are being cautious of me after the case with Krum-chan though. I'd really like it if you trusted me this time♪"

Sylvie winked at Rem.

Rem seemed like she still couldn't decide on what attitude to take.

".....C.....Certainly, the Demon King Krebskrum was sealed within me. However, that is something of the past."

"Is it really?"

".....Just how much do you know?"

Rem looked like she would run out from the room at any moment. Her triangular panther ears were down and flat, and her long and narrow tail was swaying left and right from nervousness.

Sylvie spread out both of her hands.

"Don't be so vigilant. Why don't I tell you everything that I know. The fact of the matter is, unless I am trusted by you, I can't do anything, 'kay?"

".....Let's hear it."

After taking a deep breath, Rem returned to her seat.

Sylvie started talking, as if she were telling an old story—



Part 3

In the era of legends, God smashed the Demon King and sealed him. One of those fragments, 《Demon King Krebskrum》 was sealed in a woman who was Rem's ancestor.

From mother to child, and then to the next child.....

The Demon King fragment was inherited.

For the sake of the time when a Hero that could soundly defeat the Demon King would appear, God also left behind a method of undoing the seal but.....

The unsealing ceremony was lost during the passing of many months and years, and only a fragmented method was passed down. When either the young lady who was the vessel died or a colossal amount of magical power was poured into the Demon King, then the seal would be destroyed.

And then, not too long ago—

Due to Diablo having poured magical power into her, the Demon King fragment was revived.

However, in the form of a little girl called Krum.

The unsealing ceremony wasn't completely performed.

The Demon King Krebskrum was still asleep within Rem.

"And well, this is as far as I know."

As if to say "what do you think?", Sylvie's bunny ears bobbed about.

Rem nodded.

".....Most likely.....it is probably as you say. It seems that you are more well-informed than me."

Diablo was surprised once again. To think that the Demon King Krebskrum still remained within Rem!

"What's the meaning of this?"

".....I am sorry, Diablo. I should have told you earlier.....However, I was only told that by the Black Dragon that we fought in the dungeon, and there wasn't any positive proof of it."

"Fumu."

".....If I were to tell you about it like this, you might not have believed me. However, I had no intent on hiding it from you."

"It is fine, we have been together up until today, so I can tell without you saying anything. Being thoughtful of Lumachina and Shera, you postponed the matters concerning yourself, didn't you."

".....That might be true."

After conquering the dungeon, they fought against the Demon King army that attacked Zircon Tower City, and ran about to rectify the corruption of the Church. And the news of the Elven King's death immediately followed afterwards.

Rem didn't have the time to calm down and discuss this with him.

He could probably tell whether or not the Demon King's soul really remained within her if he observed her magical power afterwards but.....It was most likely there.

"Sylvie, did you hear that story from Krum as well?"

"Yup."

"So that means that Krum knew that a portion of herself was remaining within Rem."

"It seems that she noticed when she was revived. But she said that since it was better as things are now, she didn't care."

Rem's facial expression went grim.

".....Kuh.....That girl.....Just what was she planning on doing if I died without knowing that"

"Isn't it because both her appearance and way of thinking are childlike?"

".....What a blunder. I should have tried asking Krum about it when we had stopped by Faltra City. To think that she kept silent about such an important matter."

"Well~, it might be a serious matter to the people of the Races, but serious matters to Demon Kings are probably different."

".....That's true."

Krum's common sense seemed to be different from themselves.

Regardless of having the self-awareness of being a Demon King, she stopped her dispute with the Races for the sake of biscuits. Most likely, she probably found things other than biscuits to be trifling matters.

Sylvie breathed a sigh.

"To be honest, I've been making it so that I don't get close to Krum-chan. So that I wouldn't poorly interfere with her and cause her to awaken once again.....But, I've become unable to say that anymore."

She sent her gaze to the west.

Diablo muttered.

"A new Demon King, seems to have been revived."

The Demonic Being Vanaknes had said so. Going by their battle array, it probably wasn't a lie.

"Un.....I'm thinking that there will be a war with the Demonic Beings in the near future. We need more information and war potential. If we don't hurry...Then we'll lose this time."

Rem gulped at Sylvie's words.

Diablo concealed his inner unrest.

"Lose you say?"

"Last time, we were lucky. The Demon King wasn't all that warlike, and people of the Races that could be called heroes were in great numbers. It was a great generation. Right now, I guess we're a bit insufficient."

She had a bit of an indifferent tone, but it felt serious instead.

Since she, who had experienced the great war, was the one saying it, the present was surely much more unfavorable in terms of war potential when compared to those days.

"Diablo-san, you've fought against both Demonic Beings and people of the Races, right? You also participated in the Zircon Tower City fight, didn't you? What do you think?"

He remembered his past battles.

The Faltra Feudal Lord Galford and the Head of the Holy Knights Baduta, who had most likely died, were strong. It was because they had come with various tactics. That wisdom might be the strong point of the Races.

However, looking at the defensive battle of Zircon Tower, in terms of individual ability, the Demon King Army was overwhelming. In particular, the Demonic Being Vanaknes was strong.

If Diablo had not come rushing, the army of the Races probably would have been stampeded over.

"Most likely.....In terms of war potential, the Demon King Army is stronger."

"That's right."

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, there existed several "towns destroyed by the Demonic Beings".

However, there weren't any "the town is destroyed" events.

Having a town be destroyed for Players that cleared a certain scenario and having the town still be going strong for those who had yet to clear it was hard to implement in an MMORPG system.

—But, this place is different from the game.

Although this place was another world, it was still reality.

Diablo had witnessed the Zircon Tower City be abandoned. He had also seen how a great number of victims came out after the Demonic Being Gregor rampaged in Faltra City.

That's why he was able to understand how Sylvie, who was an Guildmaster of the Adventurer's Guild, harbored a sense of impending crisis.

"I've been thinking that I want to increase the war potential of the Races. But, what is just as important is that is to make sure that the enemy doesn't get stronger. If two Demon Kings were to appear, then the situation would be absolutely unavoidable. I want to prevent Krebskrum from completely reviving." Rem nodded.

".....Sylvie, I can understand your aim. I feel the same way. Do you have some sort of specific plan?"

"Of course! If I didn't, I wouldn't expressly come all the way out to the royal capital."

Sylvie pulled an envelope from her pocket.

—Where did that just come out from?

Diablo looked closely at her. The envelope was bigger than Sylvie's clothes that only covered the minimum amount of area. It bothered him, but with the situation being as it was, he decided to not make a retort about that.

Rem accepted the envelope.

".....So it was Celes."

"That's right."

Celestine Bordorel was the head of the Faltra Magician's Guild. Not only was she the supreme leader of it, she was also the magical power source that

maintains the protective barrier.

If she were to die or to leave the town, then the barrier that protects Faltra City from Demonic Beings and Demonic Beasts would disappear.

That Celes favored Rem as if she were a little sister. She also knew that the Demon King was sealed within her.

After reading the letter that came from her, Rem's eyes went wide open.

".....This is!?"

"What's wrong?"

"Ah, sorry. Here."

Rem held the letter out.

With a composed attitude, Diablo turned his head to the side.

"Hmph.....Celes' letter, a majority of it is surely a long-winded greeting. You should make a summary of it."

—I can't read the letters.

He couldn't say that though since it would be uncool.

Rem nodded.

".....The greeting certainly is long. Erm.....It seems that she's learned of the method to take out the Demon King Krebskrum that remains within me."

"Hou?"

".....That Ceremony Magic is, handed down in the Dark Elf country, is what it says."

"Did you say Dark Elf!?"

When compared to Humans, Elves were small in number. And what is even scarcer than them, are the Dark Elves.

It was believed that Dark Elves were a variety of Elves that had Demonic Being blood mixed in. The authenticity of it was unclear.

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, Elves had white skin, blond hair, blue eyes, and thin bodies. Dark Elves basically had tanned skin, black hair, and black eyes. In the game, it was possible to customize the color scheme of one's skin and eyes but.....

—In this other world, I wonder how it is? I still haven't met with a real Dark Elf. In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, there was one more significant difference between Elves and Dark Elves in their physical characteristics.

Dark Elves have voluptuous breasts.

They weren't exceptions like Shera, all of them were big breasted.....No, their setting was "enormous breasted". That was the game's story. He had no idea how they were in this other world.

—I am incredibly curious about it!

"Rem, do you plan on trying to visit the country of Dark Elves?"

"Let's see.....I would even if it was only to confirm if the ceremony was truly passed down. Merely, I do not know the location of that country."

"Isn't it near the Greenwood Kingdom?"

In the MMORPG, the Dark Elves lived in the same forest as the Elves.

Sylvie nodded.

"Diablo-san, you sure are well-informed. That's how it should be. I haven't gone there though."

"Hmph.....I am a Demon King after all, so of course I am."

Thank goodness he wasn't mistaken.

Rem nodded.

".....I would like to try visiting the Dark Elf country. Right now, I do not know how things will turn out, but there are no other clues."

Sylvie approved.

"I think that's good! However, since the Dark Elves don't welcome outsiders, you need to be plenty careful."

".....It is because they are discriminated against similar to Demons. It might only be natural that they would be vigilant against other races."

"In the past, it seems that they were treated as Demonic Beings, and were attacked by the Lifelia Kingdom army."

"So that sort of thing had happened as well....."

"There's a suitable reason why the Dark Elves are so few—."

Diablo placed his elbows on the table.

"Re, if you are going to visit the country of the Dark Elves, I do not mind going together with you, you know?"

".....Thank you very much, Diablo.....But, Shera should be wanting to return home as soon as possible. That is why, I was thinking of trying to visit the Dark Elf country alone."

"What did you say!?"

".....After being told by Sylvie, I remembered. I am originally an Adventurer that

acts alone. After having summoned you, Diablo, it was always the three of us but.....If the need is there, then I have no objections against acting separately."
"However, they are Dark Elves, you know?"

He was curious as to if their breasts really were voluptuous—Ah, no, that wasn't it, it was because it might be dangerous.

He was genuinely worried about her. He did not have a single shameful feeling. At least he shouldn't.

Rem was surprisingly stubborn about it.

".....It is alright. Since I will only inquiring about the Ceremony Magic, even if the Dark Elves are said to not welcome outsiders, I should be able to talk with them at least. More importantly, Diablo, please be at Shera's side. Right now, that is surely what is needed for that girl."

"Fumu."

Certainly, the circumstances of the Greenwood Kingdom are obscure. Sending Shera back alone was impossible.

To head to the Dark Elf country after straightening up Shera's matter was..... inefficient.

For Rem, the fact that the Demon King Krebskrum was within her was a problem that could influence life, and was the biggest matter of concern and interest for her. It was only natural that she couldn't postpone it.

It was reasonable to act separately.

"That sort of thing is, no good!"

The door opened, and what came in together with the shout was—Shera. She was still dressed in her sleep-wear, and she had bed hair. Her complexion had returned when compared to a few days ago, but her cheeks were thin as if she were emaciated. Since she had done nothing but sleep the whole time, and did not have proper meals, it couldn't be helped.

Shera drew closer to Rem.

"Going to Blackwood alone is absolutely no good, Rem!"

".....Calm down, Shera. Is your physical condition doing better?"

"Ah, un. Since I was feeling a bit better, I was thinking that man, I am hungry ~.....And then, there was a nice smell."

"I understand.....First of all, have a seat, and be sure that you don't suddenly overeat. It should be alright if you start from the soup."

"Ka—y"

For the first time in a while, Shera sat down in a seat for a meal.

Sylvie raised one hand.

"Yaa, Shera-chan! It's been a while, hasn't it—"

"Ah, it's Sylvie-san, it's been a while—. What's up?"

"I had some business with Rem-san."

"That's right, Rem! Blackwood is dangerous, you know!?"

The point of the conversation hectically changed.

Both Rose and Horun were the type that didn't talk all that much on their own.

He got an actual feeling that it had been a while since it was noisy by three women.

In contrast to Shera who looked to be somewhat agitated, Rem calmly replied.

"Blackwood.....Is that, the country of the Dark Elves?"

"Un, although it isn't big enough to be called a country! It is right next to the Greenwood Kingdom."

".....It looks like it was just as Diablo said. However, are you saying that it is dangerous to go there alone?"

"That's right. It's because it's said that Dark Elves eat people of the Races! Elven kids are disciplined by telling them that "bad kids will get eaten by Dark Elves".

".....Have there been Elves that were actually eaten?"

"Although I haven't seen it, whenever someone disappears, it gets rumored that they were eaten by Dark Elves."

".....Negative rumors that have no proof is called "gossip", and one sidedly assuming the race as the reason is called "discrimination".

"But, there are kids that have disappeared, you know?"

".....Thinking about it sensibly, if a person of the Races disappears in the forest, you should suspect monsters."

"I see—.....Come to think of it, my elder Nii-san was eaten by a Demonic Beast, wasn't he."

".....Ah.....I'm sorry."

"Nn? Ahh, don't worry about it. That's a story that happened before I was born after all? Since he was a Nii-san that I hadn't met, it's at the level where I feel "so that kind of thing happened—".

".....I understand that Elves are negative about Dark Elves. And then, after

receiving such treatment, it's only natural that the Dark Elf side would be vigilant towards Elves and other races."

"It's dangerous!"

".....So it would seem. It feels that the cause was on the Elves' side though..... However, I want to investigate the Ceremony Magic as soon as possible."

"Then, let's go there!"

Rem was dumbfounded by Shera's proposition.

"Eh? But, your father is....."

"Of course I want to go home immediately, you know? But, Rem, you can't go to Blackwood alone! It would be alright if Diablo went together with you though."

"What are you saying! Did you forget how you were abducted by Prince Kiira!?

We fought against more than 200 Elves in order to help you out of there.

Sending you back to that sort of country alone, that's not possible. Shera, you're the one that should move together with Diablo!"

Before, they used to quarrel with each other saying "I was the one that summoned Diablo".

Now, they were quarreling saying "you should be together with him".

They were the same as usual.

Sylvie asked a question.

"Diablo-san, are you able to split yourself with magic?"

"That's impossible. If it's just an illusion, then I can make one, but it could only separate about ten meters away from me."

"Although I only tried asking that as a joke, that in itself is amazing! But, this is troubling."

"It is possible that the Greenwood Kingdom will try to restrain or detain Shera in the country. That being said, Blackwood also seems to be dangerous. I cannot let either of them go alone."

"Haha.....You sure are overprotective, aren't you, Diablo-san."

Being teased like that, he felt like his face was going to involuntarily go red.

After he grabbed a thick sausage, Diablo thrust it into Sylvie's mouth.

"Don't say such a foolish thing! Both Rem and Shera are my property. Whether they are Elves or Dark Elves, if they lay a hand on them, then I only have to annihilate them. That is all!"

Holding the sausage in her mouth, Sylvie's eyes darted about.

"Fuarehokafuogogofue.....Ngu ngu.....Puhah! Making me hold something thick in my mouth so suddenly, you're so mean, Diablo-san. My mouth, since it's child-sized, it'll break if you go overboard, you know?"

"You sure do eat a lot. Where does it all go?"

"Ahaha.....My stomach sticks out and swells."

After he talked with Sylvie, Rem and Shera drew near him.

"Are you listening, Diablo!?"

"Listen properly, Diablo!"

Reflexively being taken aback, the chair that he leaned his well-built body on creaked.

"Mu? What?"

".....Shera is saying to go to Blackwood first. Please do something about her."

"I mean, there's nothing I can do even if I hurry back home."

".....You had enough of a shock that you got a fever, didn't you?"

"Rem, it's not important enough that I can just let you go to Blackwood alone!"

It seemed that while he had thrust something long and thick into Sylvie's child-like mouth, Rem and Shera continued their conversation.

Diablo folded his arms.

"Hn.....If Shera is saying that she is fine with going afterwards, would it not be fine to do that? It is not a place that is all that far either. Let us first go to Blackwood, and then go to the Greenwood Kingdom after that."

"But....."

"Rem, you are surprisingly the type to prioritize other people."

Piku! Rem's ears stood on end.

"Th, that sort of thing is.....I believe it is normal."

"Or could it be, are you afraid that if you prioritize yourself, then you will seem selfish?"

".....No, I have no intention of that.....It's merely, Shera's problem is a family matter, while my problem is a personal matter."

In regards to Shera's home, along with the matter with Prince Kiira, they had heard various things. However, in regards to Rem's past, she had not talked about it.

Diablo was poor at communication. Whenever he would start a conversation himself, his mind would end up going blank.

However, when it came to other people, he was able to calmly observe them. —When it come to one's own desires and another person's convenience, it sure is difficult to put them on a balancing scale.

Although Rem had also went as far as to summon Diablo, it seemed that she was an Adventurer that preferred independent action. Although she excelled at negotiations, she was not used to being friends with others. Even though this and that are explained, those that are bad at communication would be unable to agree. As for why, it is because what controlled one's actions was not reasoning but emotion—anxiety.

Wouldn't they be disappointed in me? Wouldn't they make fun of me? Wouldn't they get angry? Wouldn't our current relationship be broken? Since there was no correct answer, the anxiety wouldn't disappear after thinking about it.

That is why one's own desire would be first thing to be postponed. It is because if the other party is prioritized to the maximum degree, then that anxiety is at its lowest.

As a result, they will seem stubborn by those around them though.

—But, even if I said this theory out loud, there wouldn't be any meaning to it. The current Rem was afraid of prioritizing herself and disappointing Shera. What was needed wasn't persuasion.

Diablo stood up from his chair.

"You all are mistaken. When did I allow you to discuss this? I am the Demon King, I am the leader, therefore the one to decide will be me! We will first head to Blackwood. I shall destroy those that oppose me!"

"N, no way.....!?"

Shera put her hands on Rem's hands as she had half-risen to her feet.

"Look! Since Diablo decided it, there's no other choice!"

".....Are you really fine with this?"

"Yeah. Although the stuff about Tou-san, was a bit fast and surprising.....I had resolved myself for it, ever since I left home. That's why, it's alright. Right now, Rem's thing comes first."

".....I'm sorry."

Gyu Shera put strength into her hands.

"That's wrong! It's "thank you", you know?"

".....Ah.....That's true. Thank you very much, Shera."

"Ehehe"

"And then, Diablo.....To you as well."

"Hmph.....It was not for your sake. I had merely grown an interest in that country of Dark Elves or whatever. There is no need for gratitude."

Rem's eyes became wet.

"Fufu.....You are always like that....."

Diablo turned his back to her.

—Well, in actuality, it's still too early to be thanking me. Even if we go to the country of Dark Elves, we don't know if they do have the Ceremony Magic that will take the Demon King remains out from Rem.

Sylvie raised her hand.

"I'll go too!"

"Not only were to you deliver the letter, you were also to act as an escort, that was Celes' request—Is that how it is?"

"As expected, you have good judgement. That's— how— it is."

To have the Guildmaster of the Adventurer's Guild move herself, a large reward must have gone into it.

Rem sighed.

"As usual.....Celes, you're so meddlesome."

"It can't be helped. Since the Demon King might revive if this all fails, it's only natural to be cautious."

With the conversation of the girls at his back, Diablo left the common room behind.

Part 4

Lifelia Kingdom Calendar Year 164, September 30—

Diablo walked through the streets of the royal capital.

Only Rem was beside him.

".....Going out with just the two of us, this is the first time, isn't it."

"Mu?"

When she tried saying that, there were several times where he went out alone with Shera, but he had no memory of being only with Rem. There were many times where he ended up being alone with her at inn room though.

".....Why, is it only me?"

"Horun is in the middle of studying—And Rose, on top of her appearance standing out, she would cause trouble in negotiations after all."

In Rose's case, if someone were to make a remark that looked down on Diablo, she would immediately try to use force on them. She was reliable when monsters appeared, but she would be troublesome in the town.

And Shera was still on the sickbed.

"Also, it seems that Sylvie had some business to take care of."

She was showing her face at the town's Adventurer's Guild. Since she had very few chances to come to the royal capital, she said that there was someone that she wanted to meet with. She also said that she would visit the king for the sake of showing gratitude for the solatium from the other day.

Rem made a wry smile.

".....How unfortunate. I was hoping that it was because you wanted to go on a date alone with me."

"Wh, what?"

"Fufu.....It's a joke. And so, what do you mean by negotiations?"

After being strangely conscious of it, it felt like his cheeks were getting hot. He remembered the advice that was circulated on the internet together with cruel failure stories.

"Those that take a female party member's joke seriously, die"

Diablo hid his agitation, and snorted.

"Hmph.....Saying such foolish things. Listen well, the negotiation I speak of.....is to buy a carriage."

He had learned of the distance to the Greenwood Kingdom from Shera, but it would take too much time on foot.

And then, Blackwood was even further.

Rem made a displeased face.

".....You haven't forgotten that I am weak with vehicles, have you?"

"If it's a large-sized carriage, then it would be somewhat better, wouldn't it?"

".....Well, as long as there is very little shaking."

When they rode on small-sized sand ships and wagons, Rem was in an uproar, but she was calmer on the large-sized sand ship and stagecoach. It seemed that there was "shaking she disliked".

Diablo shrugged his shoulders.

"Although it will be somewhat expensive, since we have a lot of people, I intend on buying a large-sized carriage. Also, when you become useless, the troubles increase after all."

"Ah, how about everyone runs over there!?No, nevermind."

It seems that even she thought that what she blurted out was ridiculous.

Rem cleared her throat and corrected herself.

".....When headed to a distant place, you would either use a stagecoach, or accompany a caravan but.....since it seems that the Greenwood Kingdom does not have a highway, it cannot be helped. It is ironic how going to a country of the Races is much more troublesome than going to Zircon Tower City which is in the Former Demon King territory."

"There wouldn't be any difficulty if I were to go alone though."

".....Diablo, if you were alone, then there wouldn't be any reason for you to go to the country of the Elves to begin with."

"That in itself would be boring."

".....Since we are buying a carriage, it seems like it will be a little while before we depart, doesn't it?"

It wasn't just because this was another world—Carriages are not simple vehicles that one can take from the place that one bought it and immediately be able to depart. Including both the horses and the frame, some sort of preparations were needed.

"It is because Shera had not made a full recovery yet. This is just perfect, isn't it?"

".....Yes."

Incidentally, Horun had been given homework from Lumachina, and has shut herself up in her room at the inn.

It seems that she will be able to enrol in the Magic Academy in several days. However, since the first-year student lessons started at the beginning of September, she needed to catch up on that nearly one month delay.

Walking beside him, Rem peeked over and turned her gaze at him.

".....At that time, if I had succeeded in the Summoning alone at 《Starfall Tower》, I wonder if I would have walked alone together with you through the town just like this."

"Maybe. Could it be, are you still quarrelling with Shera as to which one of you had summoned me?"

"Of course not.....As you'd expect, I already understand. That, had surely succeeded because there was the two of us. At that time, I had thought that Shera was a mere novice but.....That girl is a genius."

"So it would seem."

It seemed that Shera could see the flow of magical power. The ability that people with a fair amount of talent would pile long times of practice and then finally acquire, she was somehow able to use it since childhood.

Rem was in the middle of training for it, and it seemed that it would still take some time for her.

".....If Shera studied correctly, then she would surely become a first-rate Summoner. Well, with her talent with the bow, I feel like she could become a heroine with it but.....How regrettable."

"She has mistaken her path."

Shera was an outstanding Archer. She wasn't measured at the Adventurer's Guild, she was most likely at around level 80 in it. Since Elves lived long lives, if she had settled on the bow, she would have had the calibre to be a heroine.

Rem abruptly asked a question.

".....Diablo, do you remember? I was attacked by a Demonic Being in Faltra City, right?"

"Something like that did happen, didn't it."

"In the fight against the Demonic Being Gregor, I nearly lost my life. If things had gone wrong, Celes would have also been killed, and the barrier protecting the town might have been lost."

At that time, thanks to Emil rushing over and persevering, Diablo was able to make it in time.

"What of it?"

".....Isn't Shera stronger than Gregor?"

"Fumu. It would depend on the way they fought, but she might be able to win." If it was now, since she had the Magic Bow that she received from Krum, it would surely be an easy victory.

"As I thought....."

Rem nodded.

Even if they were companions, having felt the difference in their talents, it probably couldn't be helped that she was feeling down. Rather, it was probably because they were companions.

Diablo placed a hand on Rem's shoulder.

"You are a plenty high leveled Summoner. Since you also have the equipment that I had given you, you would surely win against Gregor as well if you fought now."

Rem stared at him.

".....At times, you are surprisingly kind."

Certainly, cheering up a sullen little girl wasn't Demon King-like.

Diablo averted his gaze.

"Hahn! I merely stated facts. Do not be mistaken."

"Pardon me for that....."

While saying that, Rem remained expressing a delighted smile.

The carriage store that was recommended to him from an inn employee came into view.

Part 5

It was a place that was down a side street from the main street. It was at the edge of the Sixth District. It was on the inner part of the rampart, but there weren't that many people, and warehouses could be seen here and there.

There was a body height fence, and a lawn was spread out inside of it. Horses were there.

Some were ashen and some were olive brown, and their legs were thick and short. They were cart-horses. Although they weren't all that fast, they specialized in transporting heavy luggage, could walk a long time, and were sturdy.

At the edge of the site, there was a building made of bricks. So that was the carriage store. Most likely, there were carriages inside of it.

The large doors that were like castle gates seemed like they were for carriage use.

Next to it, there was a small iron door.

Rem knocked on it.

After a little while, there was the sound of a lock being undone from the inside, and the iron door opened.

A male Dwarf that had grown a long beard showed himself. He had loosely drooping dog ears, and a bushy tail.

Looking at Diablo and Rem, he talked rapidly.

"So you're Adventurers! This is a carriage store. If you're looking for a stagecoach or a horse-drawn cab, go to the main street."

"P, please wait! We came to purchase a carriage."

"What, so you were customers! Well then, come on in."

His attitude suddenly became friendly.

Going through the iron door, it ended up looking like a small bar.

There was a wooden counter, and it was lined with chairs that were waist high. On the walls, things related to carriages such as wheels and whips were hung as items of artwork.

The Dwarf salesperson went behind the counter.

"Incidentally, who were you referred by?"

".....An employee of Phoenix House."

"What? Did you stay there?"

".....We've stayed there for about ten days already."

"I'm surprised! You guys are some outrageous Adventurers. Did you discover a mountain of treasure or something!? Ahh, what would you like to drink? Ale? Wine? I also have whiskey, you know?"

"No, alcohol is a bit.....Could I have some coffee."

While Rem was talking, Diablo looked around at the inside of the store and waited.

He was poor at chatting. Their objective was confidential, and communication skills were excessively required.

If I'm going into a store, I want to be shown a merchandise catalogue—is what Diablo earnestly desired.

Unfortunately, the shopping in this other world wasn't impersonal, but rather, it was completed through dialogue.

Rem asked a question.

".....Do you have a stock of carriages? One that does not shake as much as possible."

"We have a whole bunch! It's because we have an extensive scale that goes from military use ones to ones oriented to nobles. By the way, do you really not need any alcohol? I also have brandy, you know?"

".....Coffee please."

"So how many people, and how far?"

Finally, it seemed that they entered the negotiations.

Having had Rem turn her gaze towards him, Diablo answered.

"We are entering the Elven forest. Since we will be going as far as the country of Dark Elves—Blackwood, we want a carriage where about five people could board it and load heavy luggage."

The Dwarf knitted his eyebrows.

"The Elven forest!? Blackwood you say!? You're better off not going, their nature is the worst!"

"I will not say it again."

When Diablo glared at him, the salesperson drew his head back.

"Got it. Our horses are able to enter the forests, and are smart enough that they won't run away even if monsters come out. Next is the frame huh. We have some that can board six people. By the way, what do you mean by heavy luggage?"

Rem took over back the talks.

".....Since one person, is a bit heavy.....If chairs are not possible, then a luggage carrier is fine as well."

"And about how heavy are they?"

"About a knight equipped with full plate armor."

About as heavy as that riding on a horse as well—is what Diablo appended. Before, when he ended up in a situation where he had to support her with one hand, it was enough where he was unable to support her even with his level 150 physical strength. There was no mistaking it.

The Dwarf guffawed.

"Wahahaha! That sure is heavy! Heavier than a cow! What a heavy guy!"

".....Yes, that's true."

Rem breathed a sigh of relief, thinking “thank goodness we didn't take Rose along”. Since she hated being criticized as “heavy”, she would have driven her double-headed sword into this Dwarf salesperson.

There wasn't a horse that Rose could mount. That is why they needed a large carriage.

Laughing to the point that he was choking a bit, the salesperson finally got back to the discussion.

"I do have carriages that could carry that stupidly heavy fellow, but I recommend a four horse coach. When pulled by any less than that, they will be immediately exhausted. Since Blackwood is far away, their legs might go bad."

".....What would the price be?"

"What do you want for the interior design? For nobles, they would put money into the interior design. Do you want curtains and lace added?"

"Please do it at the bare minimum?"

"Oya? You have money, don't you?"

".....I hate wasting money."

"It isn't a waste. A splendid interior design will enrich the spirit."

".....Since I do not possess a spirit that is poor enough that it wouldn't be enriched without a splendid interior design, it is fine."

"Wahahaha! You say some good stuff. Got it, I'll put an interior design only needed for travel. Since it would be better to keep the wind and rain out, I'll put a canopy. You're fine with benches and blankets, right?"

"That's fine."

"And wine casks will be beneath the seats."

"No, that isn't needed."

"What? So you won't be drinking alcohol in the middle of your travels? Then why are you traveling?"

".....It's because we have an objective."

Rem held her forehead.

Really, it's worrying to tell if they would be alright with this store.

The Dwarf salesperson took a blueprint out from underneath the counter.

It was for a six person, four horse, medium-sized carriage.

He added some memos with a quill pen.

"It's better to put the heavy things above the rear wheel axis. It will shake a bit, but it will less the burden on the horses. And then, the foothold when getting on board, the floor, the bearing, and the wheels.....The places that will bear the heavy load will all be reinforced."

".....Reinforced huh."

"It'd be best to use parts of large-sized carriages. Those can carry tens of people, and since the military uses them to transport soldiers, it'll definitely be durable."

"I see. So how much will the estimate be?"

"Ah—, with this.....Well, including the remodeling, I suppose it'll be about 20,000,000 F (Furis)? If I do the more detailed calculations, it might increase a bit more."

Rem froze up.

Diablo nodded.

"We'll take it."

"Thanks for the business!"

The Dwarf salesperson showed a smile.

Rem jumped up.

"Ple.....Please wait! That could buy a house in Faltra City you know!?"

"Umu."

He had expected a large sum of money.

It was possible to buy a carriage even in the MMORPG Cross Reverie. It was a bit cheaper, but that was probably for the remodeling.

Since Diablo emphasized efficiency and used Transfer, and since he didn't travel with a party, he had never bought a carriage before but.....

"Are you serious!? Do you plan on using most of the reward that we received from Lumachina!?"

"It is because there is no telling how long it would take if we were to walk there."

".....I won't be frugal with labor, you know?"

"What I am frugal with is time. The movements of that bothers me. It would be best to quickly finish up and return to Faltra City."

Going *Ah.....*, Rem also noticed.

What he meant by "that" was naturally about the Demon King that was said to have awakened.

"Th, that's true.....Diablo, it's just as you say.....It would be best to hurry."

The Demon King army that tried to make an onslaught on Zircon Tower City might come to Faltra City next. There was a possibility that Diablo's absence at that time would have a large effect.

This time, there was Rem's gathering of information on the Ceremony Magic, as well as Shera's returning home, but they also had to prepare for the imminent outbreak of war.

They asked the Dwarf salesperson for a detailed quote.

"Osh, I'll calculate it right away. However, the remodeling will take about ten days, you know? Even the horses, I'll have to arrange some oriented for long trips."

".....I understand. However, I will be taking the estimate to other carriage stores as well."

"Wahaha! As expected of a first-class Adventurer, you sure are shrewd! But I'll say this right now, in terms of skill, I'm the best."

"Fufu.....I will take that into account."

As he thought, Rem was reliable in negotiations.

Since the discussion was settled, they decided to take their leave from the store.

Just as they had opened the iron door, the Dwarf salesperson verified something as if to make sure.

"By the way, do you really not need the wine casks?"

Interlude

Horun was allowed to go down the path of a Magician.

Gathering her luggage, she showed her face in the inn's common room. Rem was alone, reading a book on the sofa. When she raised her head, she saw Horun and expressed a smile.

".....So that is the Magic Academy's uniform. It suits you very well."

"Really -ssu ka!?"



".....Since I will have to nurse Shera, I can't escort you there but.....Take care."

"Yes. Shera-san, is she alright -ssu ka?"

".....She's already recovered enough to be fussy over her meals. It's enough that it would be alright to kick her out of bed, but the carriage preparations are not done yet."

"I see -ssu."

Stagecoaches travelled on the Lifelia Kingdom's highways.

However, for the Elves' Greenwood Kingdom which was a secluded region and the country of the Dark Elves which was regarded as dangerous, stagecoaches would naturally be unable to travel there.

That being said, it would be difficult to walk there.

Since they received a reward from the Church, Diablo's group purchased a carriage.

However, with the remodelling of the frame and the arrangement of the cart-horses, it would take ten days. When it took that much time, they could feel relieved even if it was a long journey.

Horun also had the feeling of wanting to go together with them to the country of the Elves but.....

"Be safe out there -ssu."

".....Of course. When we depart the royal capital, we plan on showing our faces at the academy."

"Waah, thank you -ssu! Um, by the way, where's Danna?"

".....Who knows? He seems to have been out since morning. He should have known about your departure day.....It's probably something he's doing in his own way of thinking."

"True -ssu ne."

".....Surprisingly, it might be because, if he sees your face, he'll find the parting to be painful though."

"Ehh!? Even though Danna is a Demon King!?"

"Fufu.....It was a joke."

"Right -ssu yo ne—. Besides, for him to feel sorry about parting with me..... that's unbelievable -ssu."

Rem held out her right hand.

".....No matter what anyone says, we are your adventure companions, please don't forget that. Your hard struggles, I will never forget them for the rest of my

life."

Horun gripped that right hand with her own right hand.

"Me neither! And then, the next time we meet, I'll have become an Adventurer that you can rely on more -ssu!"

".....I will say that if you are aiming to become a Magician, becoming a Summoner is more pragmatic."

"Uu"

Come to think of it, Rem was a Summoner, wasn't she—is what Horun thought at this late point in time.

Lumachina came to pick her up.

"It's about time for us to go, Horun-san."

"Yes -ssu!"

They left the hotel.

They headed to the Eleventh District.

At the place where the Royal Magician's Guild was at, the Magic Academy that Horun enrolled in was also there.

Chapter 2: Trying Out Going to the Forest of the Dark Elves

Part 1

Two weeks later—

Diablo's group was on board their carriage, and going down the plains. Horun had enrolled in the royal capital's Magic Academy and left the party. Various things had happened but putting that aside..... Right now, Diablo, Rem, Shera, Rose, and Sylvie were travelling together.

Since it had become midday, they took a break. They tied the carriage to a tree. Taking tools out from the luggage carrier, Rem and Sylvie quickly made some food. It was spit-roasted jerky and vegetable soup. The meat was tough, but when it was thoroughly chewed, a taste with rusticity seeped out. The vegetable soup was made with potatoes, onions, and carrots, so he ended up wanting curry powder. Even cream stew was fine. Diablo wasn't all that concerned about food, but he would occasionally yearn for the cuisine of his original world. —Once the matter with the revived Demon King is finished, it might be good to try out cooking. Before, he had once tried using eggs, vinegar, olive oil, and salt to make mayonaise at the inn. That was really good. However, when he tried thinking about it, that might have just been good luck. The hen eggs that were circulated in Japan had their hygiene thoroughly managed. There was a high possibility that salmonella would stick onto hen eggs that were in a close to natural state. There was no guarantee that it would be the same in another world but..... Raw eggs not being eaten in foreign countries was for that reason. He thought that if he made cooking with a modern Japanese feeling in this other world that was similar to the Middle Ages where they did not have a habit of washing their hands before cooking, then corpses would appear due to the

menu.

After all, kitchen waste is thrown away into the back alleys, and pigs that would eat that stuff were raised.

In fourth century Europe, a plague that could reduce the population by half was prevalent. In this other world, it was fine since priests of the Church could use a 《Purification》 miracle but.....

He had a sudden thought but, in the event that 《Purification》 was used on mold cheese, then what would happen? And although he didn't know if it existed in this other world, what if it was used on natto?

"What's wrong, Diablo?"

Hyoko Shera entered his gaze.

Although she was bedridden for a long time, she had become completely energetic, and was showing her usual bright expression. No, it felt like her distance was closer than usual.

"Mu? No.....I have many things that I must think about."

"I see—. We are about to enter the forest after all."

He was endlessly thinking about foodstuffs, but he kept silent about that.

"The forests of the Elves huh."

"If it's Greenwood, it's just a bit further. I guess Blackwood is beyond that."

Sylvie opened up a map.

"Un, won't we arrive in about one to two days? We can enter the forest with the carriage, right?"

Shera nodded.

"It's because the Dark Elves also use carriages."

"So even their lifestyles are different from the Elves."

"That's true—. It's because in the Elven forest, we gather only the necessary fruits and berries, and there are plenty of hunting game. It's said that Blackwood is full of poisonous plants, and that there's nothing but poisonous snakes and poisonous insects, you know? I've never been there though."

Rem caressed the bracelet that was on her left arm.

".....It would be nice if the bracelets that we received from Diablo worked though."

It was golden and had a snake pattern carved into it. It was called a 《Madara Band》, and prevented the 《Poison》, 《Stun》, and 《Confuse》 Bad Statuses. It

wasn't all that strong, but it was possible to equip it even with Rem's level.

Sylvie put a finger to her mouth.

"That's nice.....At some point, you guys got equipment that I've never heard of before."

".....It's because there was a lot of things in Diablo's treasury."

"Treasury!?"

".....It's in the Demon King territory, and since countless high level monsters prowl about it, it would be best not to get near it."

"Ahaha.....No matter what kind of treasure there is, I wouldn't turn Diablo-san into an enemy—. But, when push comes to shove, I'd be happy if you could lend them out to us."

Certainly, if he gave out the weapons of his treasury to high leveled Adventurers, it would increase their war potential somewhat.

It was a collection that he had no plans on using half of anyway. Rather than letting the Races be destroyed, that would be much better.

If they were going to fight against the Demon King army, it might be alright to release those to them.....

Making the carriage creak, Rose the Magimatic Maid came down from it.

Due to her not needing food nor sleep, she had transformed into an ornament on the carriage's reinforced reserved seat the whole time.

"Permission denied. Those are various articles that are Master's property, are only allowed to be used by Master, and has had their custody entrusted to this Rose. Originally, no one would be allowed to even touch them no matter who they may be.....Even though it felt as though my power circuits felt like they would burn-out when even a portion of them was lent out to the subordinates." Rem shrugged her shoulders.

".....I am Diablo's companion, not his subordinate."

"Companion? In that case, why don't you stop doing nothing but receive things from Master, and try being on the giving side?"

"Mu.....Right now, the skewer that Diablo is eating, is something that I made."

"Fu, so you mean you're a kitchen maid."

"Wha!? You damned overweight maid."

Becoming expressionless, Rose looked at Diablo's direction.

"Master, I have identified a hostile existence. Requesting permission to use

《Asterismos》."

".....Diablo, let's leave the no good maid behind. The carriage's speed will become several times faster."

When she is quarrelling with someone, Rem has a mercilessly wicked tongue. He replied with a sigh.

"You guys never give up. How many times is this now? Rem worked on the carriage preparations, and she is useful even in battle. And then, I also rely on Rose. I—unless they are someone that personally separates themselves from me, I will no longer.....keep anyone away."

Rem dispersed her anger, and expressed a shy-looking smile.

"Diablo....."

Furu furu Rose's body trembled.

"M, Master has.....said that he "relies" on this Rose.....ツ.....Rose will permanently preserve the recording of this moment, and continually replay it in my mind."

He didn't plan on saying anything that outrageous though.

Shera came hugging him from the side.

"Diablo! Diablo! Diablo! What about me!? Am I useful!? Do you rely on me!?"

"Yeah, I do, I do."

"Uu—.....Isn't that kinda crude!?"

When she pressed those bulges of her chest up against him, even now, his heart rate went up. He averted his gaze away from Shera.

Sylvie made a wry smile.

"Fufufu.....You're properly acting as the leader, aren't you, Diablo-san."

"Leader, you say? What a foolish thing to say.....I am a Demon King, you know."

"Then, you should have just ordered them. Rose-san is obedient, and Rem-san has the 《Slavery Choker》 fitted on her after all."

Certainly, the iron chokers that were on Rem and Shera's necks dully shined.

When he had first met them, he had made the two of them who were quarrelling get along with each other through a command. He didn't think that there would be a compulsory effect though.....

It would be fine if he only did something similar.

Diablo shook his head left and right.

"Do not say something so foolish. It is not like they are monkeys, and they are

able to understand if I speak with words, right? A Demon King's command is something to be sent for much more lofty matters."

"I see, I get it—"

Although she spoke in a way that seemed like she assented to it, Sylvie's eyes were still smiling.

Shera made a proposal.

"Then, it's a handshake with a smile! Between Rem and Rose."

".....I refuse."

"Rejected. A foolish act such as that."

Although Rem and Rose seemed displeased, Diablo nodded.

"Umu, so you want them to show that they understand my words, don't you?"

"That's a nice idea, Shera-chan!"

Sylvie clapped her hands.

Rem and Rose exchanged looks.

".....Kuh.....Fine, I will prove that I surpass you in terms of patience."

She held her right hand out first.

Rose became expressionless.

"This is Master's command, is what I have concluded. As such, the labor of elevating my right hand to a 60 degree angle is no obstacle."

Putting aside the wills of the people concerned, Rem and Rose's right hands overlapped each other.

Shera raised her voice saying "Smile! Smile!".

Showing her usual carefree smile, Sylvie said "That's just 30 points♪" and gave a harsh assessment.

Gishi gishi With movements that seemed like creaking could be heard, Rem and Rose somehow made smile-like expressions.

Diablo raised the hand that held a skewer up to shoulder height.

"The meat has cooled, you know?"

With signs of fatigue greater than from any battle they had in their travels, Rem and Rose lowered their hands.

Sounding like she was having fun, Shera raised her voice and laughed.

Suddenly, Sylvie asked a question.

"Shera-chan, you don't quarrel with Rose-san, do you? Doesn't being called Diablo-san's subordinate bother you? He did call you a companion earlier

though."

"Nn? I'm fine being a subordinate or property, you know—. I mean, if we travel together like this, then we're companions. By being together with everyone, then everyone has fun!"

"I see, that's quite farsighted. Let me give you a second helping of soup."

"Yay—"

Finishing up their slightly longish lunch, they resumed their journey once again. The forest came into view.

Part 2

The next day—

Diablo was lying down on the bench inside of the canopy. His head on on Rose's lap.

It was soft.

Even though she was sturdy enough to endure even an attack from a Demonic Beast, it was strange how she was properly soft like a girl. Maybe because she was Magimatic, her body temperature was low, but that was also quite pleasant.

Rose's cheeks were dyed red as she gazed at him.

"Master, how is it?"

"Umu.....It isn't bad."

Haa, haa..... Her breathing had become rough, but it was only at the level that it bothered him a little.

Leaving the carriage to the subordinates, and lying down with a maid lap pillow—This is truly how a Demon King acts, isn't it!



Actually, he was nauseated on the carriage.

Since they were on the highway for a while after leaving the royal capital, he didn't have a problem, but once they left the highway and started traveling on the plains, to think that it would shake this much.

Receiving vibrations that tossed his stomach for too long, Diablo ended up feeling sick.

A Demon King getting car sick, that would be shameful.

Therefore, he said "As I will be sleeping, properly drive the carriage", and lied down.

—Urp.

If Diablo could survey the forest, he could probably tell where the Blackwood entrance was.

However, since he was enduring motion sickness right now, this was the most he could do.

Incidentally, Shera was also lying down on the center bench. It seemed that she had merely eaten too much at lunch and became sleepy.

The driver's seat.

Rem was clutching the reins.

Sylvie was next to her, looking at the map.

"As I thought, when we leave the highway, it shakes quite a bit. Rem-san, are you alright? Didn't you say that you were weak with vehicles?"

".....You remember that well."

"That's because Adventurers are something like family to me. I learn the likes and dislikes of family."

".....Me too, I only noticed this for the first time in this journey but.....When I clutch the reins on the driver's seat, I seem to be fine. There's no strange sense of anxiety either."

"Hee—. I wonder if looking far away is good for you? Ah, it feels like we should be entering the forest soon but.....how is it?"

Right now, they were advancing the carriage to the west. They were traveling towards the sinking sun.

Since three days ago, they devotedly continued through the plains, and a black forest was growing thick on their left side.

This should have been Blackwood—the country of the Dark Elves.

Rem shook her head left and right.

".....Let alone a path that a carriage could pass through, I can't even find an animal trail."

"There really isn't."

".....Is Shera's information even correct? Could it be that the country of the Dark Elves is actually in a different place?"

"U—n, I've never been to Blackwood either after all—. I have been to the Greenwood Kingdom though."

".....Was it for a quest?"

"I guess it was out of curiosity and for training. When thinking about trying to surpass the limits of the Races, vast observations are needed—That's what my Shishou said."

".....Sylvie's Shishou did."

"He's already died though. At the time of the Races and Demonic Being War, he was already pretty old after all."

".....I see. Going by that story of yours, it means that you have surpassed the limits of the Races, correct?"

"Fu fu fu.....I am the Adventurer's Guild Guildmaster of the Races' front line base, the Fortress City Faltra, after all!"

".....Come to think of it, I haven't heard it before. Sylvie, what is your level?"

"It's a secret♪"

"It's that part of you that I can't trust."

"Aryarya.....But, Rem-san, it's about time for you to think ahead too. I'm expecting great things from you. Your talent is guaranteed after all."

".....You sure do say some needless flattery, don't you. My talent, it falls far behind Shera's. Even so, it might be on the better side among the Races though."

"Eh? Are you seriously saying that? I mean, you're of a household that was entrusted with the Demon King's seal by God, you know? You're on the same level as Shera-chan, you know!?"

".....I'll be fine even if you don't encourage me. On top of being self-aware of my inferiority complex, my feelings of envy, and my fears, I am connected to a desire to improve myself. I do thank you for your concern though."

"Man~, it isn't really anything like that though—"

While making a wry smile, Sylvie caressed the back of her rabbit ears.

Rem swung her long and narrow tail left and right. This was a declaration that she didn't really like all of this.

They returned the topic back to the map.

".....Isn't there a river or something?"

"What's on the map is, at most, the shoal that we crossed yesterday."

".....At this rate, won't it get dark today as well? My heart has also gotten dark though."

"Now now, let's be bright about this! Even if it's just in our feelings!"

".....Don't you get even more anxious when you see an insincere optimist?"

"Rem-san, I get the reason why you prefer traveling alone——Nn!?"

Sylvie moved her rabbit ears.

Rose, who had turned into a pillow on the bench behind them, raised her voice.

"Master, there is a reaction of a living creature.....It is large."

"Hou?"

".....Is it a monster!?"

It wasn't like Rem's senses were dull, but she was absolutely no match for these two.

Diablo raised his body.

"Since it is large, does that mean it is not the Dark Elves, Rose?"

"There are several responses—There seem to be people of the Races as well, but there is a much larger sized response.....If it remains at its current speed, we will make contact in thirty seconds."

So there were people of the Races as well.

Sylvie gazed at the forest.

Chasing after her line of sight, Rem also surveyed.

".....Are they there?"

"There's no mistake that they're there but....."

Hyuu! Something flew out from the forest, and it grazed the carriage canopy. It was an arrow.

Sylvie raised a dry laughter.

"Wah—.....Looks like they're welcoming us."

Rose fired a warning.

"Approaching response! This is.....a large.....Demonic Beast!"

Sylvie shouted.

"Rem-san, make a hard right! Run!!"

"Kuh!"

At the same time she said that, Rem pulled on the right rein.

Getting away from the forest, she had the carriage head towards the plains. The carriage's right wheels floated in the air. Slanting due to centrifugal force, it felt like it would fall over.

Shera fell off her chair, and shouted "Fugya!?".

Diablo grabbed a rope that extended from the side panel. When the carriage shakes, one could use support their body with this.

Immediately after that—

Trees of the forest fluttered about in the air as if they were sent flying. Several trees rotated in midair, and torn off branches, roots, and soil was wrapped up in it and scattered about.

A short and stout gigantic—A Huge Dragon-class gigantic creature rushed out from the forest.

Trees came falling down from the sky.

Several trees hit the ground. One among the trees was coming above the carriage!

Rem opened her eyes wide open.

".....It's going to hit!?"

"Dodge— it—!!"

Sylvie raised a scream.

The figure of a person jumped out from the back of the canopy carriage. Jumping out, they charged towards the tree that came falling. Their skirt fluttered.

It was Rose.

"《Magimatic Soul》!"

From the airspace behind her where there should have been nothing, two gigantic steel arms appeared. They had a size where Rose could fit in the palm of their hands.

They grabbed the trees that were approaching the carriage as if the trees were just small branches.

They were thrown away.

Sylvie raised a voice of acclamation.

"You did it! Rose-san, you're amazing!"

When Rose landed on the ground, a cloud of dust flashily rose up.

Since they couldn't just leave her behind, the carriage turned around with a large right turn.

Shera stuck her face out from the back side of the canopy.

"Wah—!? What in the world is that!?"

The monster that appeared from the forest—Its pitch black and inflamed skin looked as if it were rotting.

Its figure resembled a wild boar.

Sharp tusks grew out from both ends of its mouth. On its head, there were two gigantic horns, and were sticking out forward like spears. From the back of its head to its tail, thorn-like protuberances sporadically grew out.

Rem grimaced.

".....I don't know what it is either, that sort of large, rotting wild boar..... I like wild boar meat, but I'll pass on that thing."

"Rather, Rem-san, I'm struck with admiration that you could be reminded of wild boar meat after seeing that, you know?"

Sylvie made a rare serious face.

Diablo also stuck his face out from the canopy and observed the monster.

"Fumu.....That thing, it's skin has become strange, but it's a Black Behemoth."

It was smaller than a Green Behemoth but even so, it was classified as a large-sized Demonic Beast. It was a sturdy and warlike Demonic Beast.

Rem raised a surprised voice.

"That thing is!? According to books, Behemoths should be covered in body hair.

To think it had that kind of mud-like skin....."

Sylvie also found it strange.

"That's true, isn't it? Could it have been burned by magic or something? Ah, maybe a disease? But do Demonic Beasts get sick?"

Arrows flew out from the forest.

They hit the gigantic monster that seemed to be a Black Behemoth.

Several arrows pierced into its inflamed skin, and dark red body fluids gushed out.

However, the enemy was too gigantic, and it didn't seem like effective damage was being given.

Stepping on the foliage that fell onto the ground, *gakkon gakkon*, it made the ground shake. Shera raised her voice going "Awah, awah"

Manipulating the reins, Rem avoided the trees that were scattered on the ground.

".....Kuh.....It would seem that someone is fighting against the Black Behemoth, doesn't it?"

"And because of that, did it come out from the forest? But, it doesn't feel like it's getting through to it all that much."

The Black Behemoth's moves did not change, and after turning to the people that fired the arrows, it tried to attack them.

Figures of people moved within the forest.

—Could it be that the ones attacking it, are the Dark Elves like I thought?

Rose had jumped out in order to protect the carriage, and she was now several meters away. Voicing out an order to her probably wouldn't reach her.

Shera did not hold her bow, and did nothing but gaze at the situation from the canopy.

Rem was handling the carriage.

Sylvie excelled at Support Magic. Most likely, she shouldn't possess a means to defeat the Black Behemoth.

Diablo took out his magic staff, 《Tonnerre Empereur》.

"Rem, stop the carriage!"

"Y, yes!"

The distance from the target was about 20 meters.

Since he was up against a large-scale monster, there were no worries about missing it, but he wouldn't kill it unless it was done with enough power.

It seemed that people of the Races were in the forest, but as they were fighting with bows, there is surely no need to worry about rolling them up in the magic.

However, since it was close to the forest, he probably shouldn't use the Fire attribute.

He prepared his magic staff.

"I will cut it to pieces with an invisible blade.....《Press Shredder》!!"

It condensed the air.

It changed to a gigantic sword.

It was thrown at the enemy.

Originally, it was only a single attack, but due to the effect of his magic staff, it fired seven-fold.

It was Wind attribute magic that could be used at level 110.

The blade that was created through the atmospheric pressure difference tore up the Demonic Beast.

It tore its flesh, gouged out its entrails, and smashed its bones.

GOAaaaaaa—!! The Black Behemoth screamed.

Diablo lowered his staff.

"Hmph.....Even if it is called a large-scaled Demonic Being, monsters that appear in the territory of the Races are low leveled."

The magic blade bisected it up until its head.

The Black Behemoth became unable to move, and before long, it started to change into particles of light.

Unlike normal living creatures, Demonic Beasts vanish when they die.

Even the scattered black body fluids, pieces of flesh, and smashed tusks, all of it became phosphorescence and rose to the sky.

Sylvie clapped her hands.

"Oh man, amazing! As expected of you, Diablo-san, you're strong!"

"Should I leave the next one to you?"

"Oh please, I'm a Support Magician, you know? So cheering is my specialty. Do your best≡ Do your best≡"

Sylvie was really false-sounding.

Rem uttered her admiration.

".....The magic's power, it's tremendous as always."

"Naturally."

With a target that big, if he didn't have to be careful of the surroundings, he would freely use magic with great fire power.

Finally, Rose had come running to the carriage.

"I am terribly sorry, Master. I have troubled you to raise your hand."

"Hmph.....Scattering a small fry like that, it doesn't even count as something laborious."

Part 3

Some people came out from the forest.

He expected that they would be Dark Elves but.....

What came out were kigurumis. Their heads were large, their limbs were short, and they had fat bodies where a person could probably fit inside.

Bear kigurumis possessing longbows, he couldn't see them as anything but that. —These are Dark Elves!? They couldn't be a different race, could they? They're greatly different from what I imagined.

The group with appearances that he ended up feeling anxious as to whether or not he could communicate with them turned towards them and readied their bows and arrows.

"Don't move!"

A muffled voice was raised. It was a distant voice that seemed as if it was heard from a room next door.

So as he thought, it was a kigurumi.

Since it was a high-pitched voice, the person inside might be a young boy.

It seemed that conversation was possible, though the atmosphere wouldn't say that it would be amicable.....

Their number was about ten people.

While hiding herself in the carriage's canopy, Shera raised a frightened voice.

"I, I wonder why? Why are they angry?"

Rem pouted her lips.

".....Are those Dark Elves? They have some strange appearances. Moreover, even though we exterminated the Demonic Beast, they have a reprehensible attitude."

"It looks we surprised them quite a bit, doesn't it—"

Sylvie shrugged her shoulders.

Rose made a tightly gripped fist starting from her pink with her right hand. A

giri giri sound was made.

"No matter who they are, pointing their bows at Master is unforgivable. It seems that there is no need to go easy on them."

Since it looked like the set free Rose was going to attack, Diablo held the magic staff 《Tonnerre Empereur》 in his hand out in front of him.

Were the kigurumi bunch Dark Elves? They were surprised by the power of his magic, and had exposed their wariness.

Bringing down a large-sized Demonic Being in one attack might have been overkill.

They themselves did not desire to fight, and only wanted to be taught about the Ceremony Magic that was handed down amongst the Dark Elves—there was a need to convey that. Concisely since it was a strained situation!

"No problem."

Diablo had secretly gained confidence.

In his original world, he had enough of a communication disorder that he could aim for an overall victory if there was a championship for it but.....after coming to this other world, he had more chances to talk with other people, and he had gained people that he could call companions.

—With my current self, I might instead be strong at communication!

First, a smile. A friendly conversation starts from the facial expression. He felt like he could successfully converse with them this time.

However, taking it too lightly wasn't good. Negotiations were things where one would be at a disadvantage if one was made light of.

He imposingly declared out loud.

"Fuhahaha! I am Diablo! I have an interest in the Ceremony Magic that has been passed down in these lands. In short, it means I have no business with you all. You should lead us to the location of the Dark Elves!"

Zawa The kigurumi bunch was stirred.

Maybe because they were already used to it, Rem breathed a sigh, and Shera made a wry smile.

Rose made a face as if to say that it was only natural.

Sylvie held her head in her hands. Even so, she did not step forward. If the kigurumi bunch fired their arrows, it wouldn't be enough even if she had several lives.

Among the group of opponents, a kigurumi that stood at the lead (a grizzly bear) made an inquiry.

"Oi, you! That thing from earlier, what was that!? To defeat the 《Lord of the

Black Forest》 with a single attack....."

"Kukuku.....It was merely Wind attribute magic, but it is not all that rare, is it? I do not mind showing you a different magic. I might burn this forest to the ground if I use Fire attribute magic though."

"What did you say!?"

The group openly flinched.

If they were going to guide them, he didn't mind showing them magic, and him saying that the Fire attribute was dangerous was done out of kindness but.....

Could it be that his way of saying it was bad?

—This is gradually getting tiresome.

Diablo's group was focused on the war with the Demon King and were in a hurry. If the preparations were delayed and they lost the war, then the Races might be destroyed. They did not have the leeway to take things slowly.

He was in a bit of a rush.

"How long to you plan on standing around talking!? Hurry up and guide us. Do you want to be destroyed!?"

"Hii.....!?"

Several people of the kigurumi group leaked out woman-like screams.

The lead grizzly bear lowered its bow and arrow.

"I, I understand.....I will guide you to the Dark Elf village. You only want to know about the Ceremony Magic, right? Could I have you promise that you won't lay a hand on the residents?"

"Hmph.....Naturally."

While expressing a smile of relief at how the negotiation was a success, Diablo nodded.

—As I thought, my communication skills have improved!

A different kigurumi (a mohawked one) uneasily asked a question.

"C, can we trust this guy!?"

"We have, no choice but to."

"But to guide such a dangerous looking guy to the village!"

"He's a Magician able to defeat the Lord of the Black Forest in one hit. What can we do! It's better than him burning down the forest. Let's leave the rest to the chief."

"Dammit....."

The mohawk kigurumi cursed.

It seemed as if he had threatened them with magic, but Diablo satisfiedly nodded.

—I feel like I was able to ask them in a friendly way this time!

Part 4

Shera's story was right and there was a path that a carriage could go through. However, the entrance was concealed by vegetation.

The kigurumi bears parted the vegetation, and it finally made it so that they could pass through.

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, the path was opened up in an more easy to understand way, and it was even displayed with an indicator.

Thinking "I might have been shamed if I guided us with a triumphant look!?", Diablo secretly wiped off his cold sweat.

Rem asked a question to the kigurumi.

".....Sorry for asking this at this late point in time but, are you all Dark Elves?"

Maybe because it was the group's mediator, the grizzly bear nodded.

"That's right. Only we live in this forest. Other than us, there is nothing but beasts and insects."

The kigurumi bunch really were Dark Elves.

They interacted with neighboring villages, and came and went through this path with carts. It seemed that by selling secret medicines and exquisite bows and arrows that used rare raw materials that are collected in Blackwood, they could barter for the villagers' crops and iron tools.

The grizzly bear pointed at the roadside grass.

"Be sure to not get close to the black grass. All of it is poisoned. When dressed lightly like you visitors, your skin will suffer damage. The horses are also in danger."

"Eh? The black ones, all of them.....are?"

Rem, who was holding onto the reins, asked that back sounding bewildered. As far as the eye could see, the green grass was more scarce, and it was mostly black grass.

"Even Demonic Beasts, they get hit with this poison, and rot, don't they?"

".....That Black Behemoth.....So it was because of that."

"The beasts of this forest, although they receive poison, there are many that amass it and use it as a weapon. If you ever fight against them, be sure to take

caution. You can die with even just a scratch after all"

".....I am grateful, for the warning."

So them using bows was for the sake of not getting close to enemies that possess poison. And then, it seems that those bulky kigurumis were equipment for the sake of protecting their skin from the poisonous plants.

After about two hours of continuing down the path that twisted and turned within the forest—

They came out to an open location.

Trees were cut down, and peoples' houses were lined up. Black vegetation couldn't be found.

The location was not particularly big, and it wouldn't take an hour to even walk the outer circumference. A village. It was on a scale that it could be called as such.

The Dark Elves in the MMORPG Cross Reverie hid in between the many trees and were stationed in spots that couldn't be called dwellings. In the game's case, it was probably because buildings and NPCs not needed for events don't appear.

It was completely different from the village he saw in the game.

Although he had a sense of anxiety for this unknown place, he felt that it was fresh as well, and actually looked forward to it a bit.

Shera stuck her head out from the carriage canopy.

"This is, the Dark Elves' country.....right?"

"Umu....."

He didn't know what the lifestyle of the Dark Elves was like, but the number of buildings didn't even reach 100. Going by the assumption that the basic composition of a single household could house six people, the village's residents would more or less number at 500 people.

"Isn't it a bit small?"

"I wonder about that. Maybe they have several villages like this and are a "country"Or maybe, they only have this amount of people, and are treated as a subspecies of the Elves."

"Ah, now I get it—"

Diablo's group's concern was in the Ceremony Magic that was handed down only amongst them. The number of the Dark Elves was not a problem.

Nevertheless, their lifestyle was unexpected.

"It's quite different from what we heard from you, isn't it?"

"Un, it's completely different, from the Greenwood Kingdom—. It's surprising." The Dark Elves lived in houses where wooden pillars were erected, boards were made into walls, and foliage was used for the roofs.

The basic structure was close to the buildings of olden Japan.

However, the entrances were kept open and there weren't any entranceway doors or window boards. Only cloth and pelts were hung. Like this, they couldn't cope with the wind and rain nor the coldness.

He assessed that this was proof that calamities such as typhoons were scarce in this forest. The climate was probably warm throughout the whole year as well. Come to think of it, with this completely black appearance, it was somewhat hot.

The level of humidity was high, making it hot and humid.

In order to let the wind pass through, Diablo rolled the canopy's hanging curtain up a bit. The back of a private house entered his eyes.

"EH!?"

His eyes opened wide.

Maybe to the dwelling being made of wood, the hearth was kept outside. Next to the hearth, there was a kitchen table, as well as a water well. It seemed that they were for communal use for several neighboring houses, so there were several Dark Elf women gathered there.

They weren't in kigurumis.

Their characteristics were dark brown skin, curled black hair, and purplish black eyes. Their ears were long so there was no mistake that they were Elves.

However, maybe due to their figures that had a sexual feeling to them, the impression they gave off was quite different from the Elves.

They were gathered around the water well, and while they chattered looking like they were having fun, they drew water in a bucket.

That was fine.

The problem, was their appearance.

Since a good amount of water would scatter about when pouring water into the bucket from the water well's well bucket, one would normally have an apron on but.....

The Dark Elf women were topless.

For their outer garments, they were clad in tree branches, had their long black hair tied up, and only had knee-length skirts.

Their chests, the expression “abundant” was probably too conservative.

Even just one side of them had a size close to his own head. Enormous breasts.

No, it should be [Enormous! Breasts!].

They were, amazingly, big.

"Hu....."

Diablo almost involuntarily let his voice out.

At nearly the same time, Shera, who was next to him, talked.

"Hoe—, sure is big."

To be caught gazing at the breasts of the Dark Elf women, how embarrassing.

Diablo hurriedly averted his gaze.

"H, hou.....Is that so? I, had been looking at the forest so..."

"Over there! Look, this is my first time seeing one so big."

Shera brought her body close.

Although they lost in size to the Dark Elves, the bulges of her chest that had springiness to them were tightly pressed up against his arm.

—Oya, is this place paradise?

He unconsciously felt like he was going to extend his hand.

"Look! Even though it's a tree house, it's that big!"

"Umu umu.....Round, big, boo.....Nn? Tree house?"

Diablo's consciousness, which was at a dangerous spot, returned from the pink world. That was close. He almost blurted out something outrageous.

He looked at where Shera was pointing to.

On the carriage's path, a large building came into view.

Its peak was much higher than the trees around it.

It didn't seem like the houses where boards were put together for them.

The royal capital castle and the Inner Court were much larger, but those were made of bricks and stone. What towered up on their path had an impressiveness to it if it were made of wood.

"Hmph.....It would seem, that is the Dark Elves' castle."

"It sure is big—."

Shera was carefree.

Rem muttered.

".....The soldiers at the castle's windows.....They've pointed their arrows at us."

"Well, isn't it only natural for them to be on guard? We are a group of other races after all."

Sylvie was composed. So this was the difference in experience.

Diablo also acted like he was imperturbable, but he was nervous in his mind.

—The pressure of this place is different from the game.

There was no prior information, nor was there any balance adjustments done by the the administration, and retries weren't allowed. If a kill on first sight trap were prepared, would they be able to safely breakthrough?

Even if this place was another world, it was reality. A redo after failing the capture, something like that was impossible.

If it was just Diablo alone, it wouldn't be a problem even if there were a lot of traps.

However, right now, he was acting in a party. In order to protect all of his companions, negligence was forbidden.

For the initial response, they would probably end up relying on Rose who specialized in close combat and wouldn't be outdone even by high leveled Warriors.

Chirari He turned his gaze to the back.

—Eh? What is she doing?

Rose had placed both of her hands on the bulges on her own chest.

Muni She raised up her breasts.

Since she had an outfit where both sides were widely open, it seemed like they would spill out at any moment.

".....Hafu"

"Wh, what are you doing?"

"Master, I was assessing that this Rose was also not on the small side.....Rather, I believe that I am larger than the average size of the Races but.....Are you dissatisfied with this size? Or do you prefer the Dark Elves' dangling flesh that's pulled by gravity?"

"Buffuoh! I have no idea wh-wh-wh-what in the world you are saying! Th, there might be traps, so do not let down your guard."

"Please pardon me."

Her reply was polite, but without changing her position, *muni muni*, she raised up both breasts, groped them, and emphasized them.

Diablo tore his gaze away from the distorted bulges on Rose's chest.

Not as a joke, he had to be vigilant right now. If they weren't aiming their bows at them, he would have gazed at her for a while though!

Diablo's irritation unconsciously leak out from his mouth.

".....Dammit, you damned Dark Elves."

His bloodlust turned into magical power and overflowed out.

Rem and Sylvie turned around with startled expressions.

"ツ!?"

"N, now now, Diablo-san.....Since some unknown people have come to visit, they're just a bit scared."

Did they misunderstand something?

However, being unable to explain his inner thoughts, Diablo folded his arms and reclined back.

Shera, who went at her own pace, was still looking outside.

"Waah—, Diablo, they're so big!"

"Ahh, that's true. It sure is a big castle for being a wooden building, isn't it."

"That's not what I mean. The Dark Elf women, their boobs are big you know!?"

"Bufuoh!"

So it was about that this time!

Rem made an exasperated face.

".....Just what in the world are you saying, Shera."

"I mean, isn't it amazing!? This is my first time seeing them so big—. Dark Elves, they sure are amazing."

".....In this situation where all of our lives might be in danger.....That's so imprudent!"

"Th, that's true—. But they really are amazing."

Shera flusteredly made an excuse.

In his mind, Diablo replied to Rem's words.

—I am so terribly sorry!

While they were being distracted by boobs, the carriage arrived in front of the castle.

Part 5

Diablo's group got down from the carriage.

They looked up at the castle.

Wooden board walls stacked up, and built up the form of a castle. It had an appearance as if several wooden houses were piled up. It was a building that looked like something called a 《Five-storied Pagoda》 in Japan.

A wooden pagoda.

From the windows that had no boards and remained open, thick branches extended outside and had leaves growing thickly on them.

Rem knit her brows.

".....This is, could it be, did they surround the area of a large tree with boards?"

Sylvie nodded with a face that said she understood.

"I see! So it's a natural large pillar—."

Going *Hoe—*, Shera raised an impressed sounding voice.

Diablo had the same impression as Rem.

—Like this, isn't this just something made to look good superficially? I want my "admiration" from earlier to be returned.

Since it wasn't like they had come here on a request to fortify the place, no matter what kind of person lived here, there was not much meaning to it.

The grizzly bear kigurumi that was guiding them took off its head part.

"Puhah!"

Black hair fell out, and hid their slender nape.

Their face was unmistakably that of a woman, and she had a virile atmosphere about her. She had dark brown skin as if she had gotten a suntan. For her age, it was obscure since she was a Dark Elf, but if she were a Human, she looked like she was about 25 years old.

Rem also probably thought it was surprising.

".....So you were a woman."

"Yeah, there were various circumstances. The Dark Elves that are in this village would be nothing but women if not for the babies. The Dark Elf men have gone out far away and are working away from home."

The others also took off the heads of their kigurumis.

All of them were women.

".....So the men aren't here. For me, since I am a female Adventurer, I do not think of that as reckless, but if you are going to fight against Demonic Beasts, I would want a sturdy vanguard."

"I won't deny that. Well, it is because the Lord of the Black Forest coming so close to the village is very rare. Normally, it would leave if we threaten it.....For its eyes to be that bloodshot, I wonder if something happened.....?"

For an instant, she had a pensive look, but she brought her senses back to her current role.

"At any rate, to have the visitors defeat the Lord of the Black Forest, you have our thanks! However, we do not welcome other races. Elves in particular."

Having her sharp gaze turned towards her, Shera hid behind Diablo.

Having a physical appearance of having big breasts even though she was an Elf was rare, and if it was exposed that she was the Greenwood Princess, it would probably become troublesome. That's why, right now, she had put on a robe. Maybe in order to change the subject, Rem asked a question.

".....Is that fur meant to help prevent suffering damage by the poisonous plants? Is this place safe?"

She pointed at the kigurumi's abdomen.

"Oh, this! We call it 《Black Cloth》. Since Blackwood is filled with poisonous plants, it is needed when hunting. But, it would be bad if someone with an unknown face entered the castle. Therefore, it is a rule to take them off here..... Of course, poisonous plants don't grow within the village."

Diablo once again looked up at the castle.

"So in other words, the leader of the Dark Elves is here."

"Our chief is here."

"Fumu.....I shall allow it, show me their face."

The young woman that took off the mohawk bear head raised her voice at Diablo's words. She was a young lady with a shortcut hairstyle and sharp eyes.



"That's rude, you bastard!"

If she were Human, she would be about 15 years old, and she looked like she was of the same generation as Rem and Shera.

However, even if he got scolded, since he had come doing his Demon King role play this whole time, there was no way he could just change into a courteous character at this late point in time.

Replying to intimidation with intimidation is what a Demon King did.

When Diablo was about to open his mouth, Rem and Sylvie managed to hurriedly get in between them. They were probably able to generally guess what kind of words he was going to let out.

"Please excuse us! Could you announce our arrival to the chief?"

"Ahaha.....It's because Diablo-san is from a different race as well as a person of a different country and different culture. More or less, see?"

"Mumumu"

It seemed that the young lady did not desire a fight either, so she meekly withdrew. If she's going to make a bluff where she withdraws in the middle, then she shouldn't have done it in the first place.

—That girl, her character is wavering.

The woman who was a grizzly bear took off the bottom part of the kigurumi as well.

Diablo reflexively did a double take.

"Nuoh!?"

She had an appearance of having an undershirt that looked like a tanktop and amazingly really low-rise pants.

"Fuu.....Although it can't be helped since it's for the sake of protecting against poison, it's really hot and tiresome."

Rem frowned.

".....Aren't you a bit too lightly dressed?"

"Haha! The village is nothing but woman after all, so there isn't anyone to worry about it!"

".....Diablo is a man though!?"

"He's a different race, right?"

She seemed to really not mind it.

".....He's a person of the Races you know!? It's not like he's a pet."

"You say some strange things once again. You guests, you also have similar

appearances, don't you."

"Uu....."

What Rem had equipped on was the 《Layer of Secret Stone》 that Diablo had given her. Its high efficiency was considerable, but its exposure was also something considerable.

He didn't worry about it since she had the build of a little girl, but Sylvie also only wore a small cloth, and even Rose had her back greatly exposed.

—Is this party lacking in cloth!?

That being said, do the Dark Elves not mind being seen naked by other people? They did take off their shirts even when drawing water after all.

No, it didn't seem that was really the case. The place wasn't full of people courageously laughing away.

Among the women, maybe because she was bothered by Diablo's gaze, there was also a young lady that had her cheeks dyed red and had turned her back towards him.

—Wait, it was the mohawk bear girl!?

Seeing how the young girl that quarrelled with him with stern eyes was being embarrassed with her mostly nude appearance, it was something quite indescribable.

"Uuu.....Don't look this way!"

The former grizzly bear woman invited Diablo's group to the castle.

"It's this way, visitors! I ask that you be friendly with the chief, okay?"

The attitude of that former mohawk bear girl wasn't friendly at all though? Diablo returned a smile.

"Do not worry. I am plenty friendly, aren't I? If you were enemies, at this point, I would have burned you all together with the fore—"

Going *Wah— wah—*, Rem and Sylvie once again cut in front of him and said this and that to try and mediate.

—Huh? Could it be, would the talks go faster if I just keep quiet? That's strange.....A person strong in communication.....even if I can't go that far, I thought that I had overwhelming growth to be at an intermediate level at least. Could it be, do I still have a communication disorder? No way!?

Diablo lost the self-confidence that had sprouted.

They entered the castle.

It was dim.

The windows were blocked with the tree's branches, and the building was covered in the leaves' shadows.

Maybe because it was made of wood, fire wasn't used for light.

Rem whispered into his ear.

".....Elves excel in the dark, and seem to be able to see without any problem even in this darkness."

"Fumu."

There was that sort of setting as well, wasn't there.

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, since information needed for game progression didn't become unseeable no matter what race they were, he hadn't really worried about that.

Since Elves and Dark Elves hunted in the dim forests, night vision was a base ability.

The guide stopped.

"The one here is, our chief."

Chapter 3: Trying Out Meeting the Chief

Part 1

Diablo's eyes grew accustomed to the darkness.

At the center of the building, there was a large thick tree as if it were the tower itself.

There was someone sitting on the twisted roots. It was so dark that let alone their expression, he couldn't even tell what their face or clothes looked like.

Only Shera, who had night vision, raised her voice saying "Fuwah!?".

—What is it? Do they have that surprising of a physical appearance?

I wonder if I should illuminate the place with Light Magic, is what he thought but.....This time, they had visited for Rem's sake. It would be a bother if they angered the other party.

He decided to leave the negotiations to her.

Rem stepped forward.

".....I am an Adventurer known as Rem Galeu. Might you be the king of the Dark Elves?"

A composed female voice resounded.

"Hohoho.....King you say? I am a mere village chief."

Just like the women that guided them, her speech had a bit of an accent.

However, this was another world, so she as well as the others should be speaking with the words of this other world. Only Diablo heard it in Japanese. So although they were words of the Races, just with their country being different, there was a difference in pronunciation. It might be expressed like that.

Rem asked a question.

".....May I hear your name as well?"

"I'm known as Rafleisha S Orangewood.....Please just take it easy and call me Rafleisha."

".....I understand. Rafleisha-sama, is it."

"Hohoho.....No need for that scary face. Right, right, being this dark, it's uncomfortable for guests that aren't Elves, isn't it? I'll put a light on."

She used magic.

Near the ceiling, *pa*, a light was created. It was the magic 《Light》. It became as if a lightbulb were there.

With the sudden light being dazzling, Diablo glared at the other party while narrowing his eyes.

He gulped.

—C, certainly, that is a surprising appearance!

Rafleisha, had demonic breasts.

Ever since he saw the residential women, he had thought that might be the case, but it was a volume that surpassed his expectations! It wasn't in the realm of just being unable to hold it in one's palm. They were a size where they needed to be carried with both arms.

She had an outfit of layered cloth, and wore a sash.

If her stomach stuck out with this, she would seem like a frog monster or something, but her waist was thin and narrow like a cork bottle. It was enough to make one worry if she could support those weighty things that were on the upper half of her body.

Diablo ended up staring.

Her hair wasn't black like the other Dark Elves, and had a feature of being a white that was close to silver.

What everyone was thinking but no one would say, Shera mercilessly said straight out.

"Rafleisha-san, your boobs are huge, aren't they!"

"Hohoho.....Guest, you as well, aren't yours big enough to think that you aren't an Elf?"

"Eh? Ah, erm.....Ahaha....."

Shera made an ambiguous laugh.

Even though she was concealing her body with a robe, she was seen through so easily. Maybe they should say as expected of her, as she did not seem to be a woman who merely had humongous breasts.

Rafleisha narrowed her eyes.

"Hmmn.....This is a surprise.....You're Elven royalty, aren't you? You have that sort of aura."

"Ah, uu"

She was at a loss for words. Shera had a personality that couldn't make lies.

The ones that responded with saying "What!?" were the Dark Elf women that were in waiting on the side.

It seemed that several soldiers were hidden in the shade of the large tree. Most likely, they were bow using soldiers, and he thought that there were about 4~5 of them but, were there more than that?

Elves hiding in trees and shrubs, their location couldn't be grasped so easily even for Diablo.

Rem grabbed Shera's shoulder.

"Are you stupid! Why in the world didn't you deny it!?"

"B, but, it's true that I'm a princess, right?"

".....Dark Elves are said to hate Elves! The fact you're royalty of them, if they were to know that!"

"B, but, Rafleisha-san, she seemed like a good person....."

"Acting since she "seemed like", what would you do if she had malice!?"

"It's because Diablo is here—."

"This is just....."

Gakkuri Rem hung her head down.

Having been born blessed, Shera was optimistic. On the other hand, having been forced to fight alone for a long time, Rem was pessimistic.

Diablo shrugged his shoulders.

—Well, it doesn't feel bad to be relied on though.

A young Dark Elf girl readied her bow. It was the mohawk bear girl.

"You, did you say you're the Elven Princess!?"

Not only her, the other Dark Elves also nocked their arrows and drew their bows.

Rafleisha's expression was stern.

"Dark Elves, were once betrayed by the Elves.....We harbor resentment to the current Elf King in particular, you know?"

"Ehh!? This is my first time even seeing you all, you know!?"

"Right.....But, even if the ones that did it forget, the ones that had it done to them won't forget. Whether it be one hundred years or a thousand years."

"No way—."

Shera's ears drooped lower than usual, and Rem gritted her teeth.

".....That's why, you are stupid."

Rem extended a hand to a belt pocket and touched a summon crystal.

Rose and Sylvie looked like they were only standing, but they had sharpened their nerves so that they could move at any time.

Diablo breathed a sigh.

—So it's the same as when we were at the Grand Chapel. Once I withdraw to the back and leave the negotiations to them, it turns into the worst case situation before I know it.

He believed in his companions, but in the end, acting like a Demon King suited him.

He pulled the 《Trial-Made Great War Scythe》 out from his pouch.

It would probably be bad if he used the 《Tonnerre Empereur》 against the ones that they wanted to learn about the Ceremony Magic from. Even if it was just a considerably low level magic, it might kill them.

Diablo stepped forward.

"All this chatter is bothersome—Listen, you Dark Elves! I am the Demon King of another world, Diablo! I do not care about all of your pent-up resentments. If you value your lives, then you should just obey me!"

"Demon King!? As, as I thought, Elves can't be trusted!"

The former mohawk bear young lady released her arrow.

She had fired at him.

There was also a voice saying to stop from the surroundings, but it didn't make it in time.

It was an attack from point-blank range.

Even if it was an arrow fired by a powerless girl, I will probably receive a bit of damage, is what Diablo thought as he prepared himself for it.

However, like sudden gust of wind, Rose was able to cut in and knock down the arrow with a hand blade. Her eyes had opened so widely that he thought her eyes might fall out.

"To make an attack on Master.....What an incredibly foolish creature. The price for that is certain death!"

"Rose, do not kill her!"

Diablo gave a strict order.

At almost the same time, Raffleisha shouted.

"Stop!"

However, her restraining voice instead became the trigger for a simultaneous attack.

The other Dark Elves also shot their arrows in succession.

A rain of arrows.

It numbered to about 30.

Before, he had defended against a rain of arrows using 《Volcanic Wall》, but if he were to use Fire attribute magic here, he would end up burning up this large tree and pagoda. Even if he was doing a Demon King roleplay, that would surely be overkill.

He felt like they had completely provoked them but they didn't come here to fight in the first place.....

Diablo held up his War Scythe, and fired his magic.

"《Sonic Wave》!!"

It was Wind attribute Defense Magic.

The shockwave repelled the Dark Elves' arrows.

Without stopping at only that, a mass of air spread out into the surroundings.

The one who was at point-blank range—the young lady who had fired her bow first, completely took the magic and was blown away. Her back struck the wallboard.

"Gehoh!"

When close by, it would be a good amount of damage.

However, when a bit apart away, it was a magic that was at the level of a gust of wind.

Although it ended without injuring Rafleisha, this wouldn't be able to kill the Dark Elves that fired from the shadow of the large tree.

—No, it would be bad to kill them though.

In order to make them powerless without killing them, Diablo chose his magic.

It was at that instantaneous gap.

From the ceiling, a Dark Elf Warrior holding a broadsword fell down. It was a woman wearing leather armor.

"Haaaa——!!"

"I will not let you get close to Master!"

Rose met with the enemy.

Due to her companions being so close, she did not bring out the 《Magimatic

Soul》. She pushed up her double-headed sword.

Right before that attack hit, the female Dark Elf Warrior swung her sword.

"Zeyah!"

The sword's path turned into a shining blade, and came flying.

《Sword Slash》—It was a level 60 and above Martial Art that could fire a slash at even long range through the use of SP.

They were quite the powerful person. It seemed that the Dark Elves did not only use bows.

Rose twisted her body and avoided the shining blade.

"ツ!?"

Although she had dodged it well, her skirt that had a spread out design was cut up.

The female Dark Elf Warrior that landed thrust her sword towards Shera.

"Don't move! If you move, the Princess will—"

"Hii!?"

If she used a bow, Shera was a high leveled Adventurer. However, when an edged tool was pointed at her, she would freeze up.

It was a situation where she might be taken hostage, but right before it became like that, Diablo fired his magic.

"《Lightning Bullet》!!"

The bullet of light gouged the Dark Elf Warrior's flank.

It easily pulverized the leather armor.

"Gyah!?"

The female Warrior spit air out from her mouth, scattered blood as well, and was blown away. She also crashed into the wallboards.

The additional effect of the magic activated, and the bullet of light burst open, giving her even more damage.

—Oh crap! Did she die!?

Since it was on the spur of the moment, he unconsciously chose a magic that activated quickly and had power behind it. She seemed to be a high level Warrior, but could it be that he killed her?

The collapsed female Dark Elf Warrior let out a groan.

"Ugh.....ugh....."

Diablo felt relieved.

But he took the exact opposite attitude on the surface.

"Ha! You are surprisingly tenacious, aren't you. Ku ku ku.....Who wants to be blown away next? I wonder if I should try out Darkness attribute magic this time."

He flourished his mantle.

His EX (Extra) class equipment, the 《Call of Darkness》, had an effect of granting 《Fear》 to all enemies.

The female Warrior that he defeated seemed to be outstandingly skilled even among their group. The Dark Elves openly faltered.

Part 2

Once again, Rafleisha raised her voice.

"Stop this conflict!"

He was in complete agreement.

Diablo expressed a daring smile.

"Kukuku.....How boring. Well, this is fine. I had originally come because I had something to talk to you about. If you have sensed your own powerlessness, then I do not mind forgiving you all."

Maybe because the Dark Elves had proud personalities just like the Elves, there wasn't a small number that ground their teeth in vexation at Diablo's haughty Demon King roleplay.

However, Rafleisha controlled them.

She was calm.

She even expressed a smile.

"Fuu.....I am grateful for the guest's tolerance. To fight against an excessively strong Magician, that would be dreadful. From what I have heard—You had slaughtered the Lord of the Black Forest with a single attack or something?"

"The Lord of the Black Forest? Ahh, you mean the Black Behemoth. You've given quite an impressive name to a small fry of that level."

He could tell that unrest spread amongst the Dark Elves. It seemed that they had come to realize that the opponent that they turned their bows on was a person stronger than they expected.

So Rafleisha had tried to avoid fighting after hearing the report.

The young lady who shot her bow first despite having seen Diablo's magic could only be called quick tempered.

—It's because there are generally two ways that an organization opens hostilities.

It's either a case where the leader makes the order to attack, or a case where a front row soldier forgets themselves and attacks.

Rafleisha let out a voice of admiration.

"It seems you truly defeated it with magic.....How fearsome.....Guest, when you

say Demon King, what do you mean by that?"

"I mean exactly what I said. I am different from the Demon Kings of this world though. For I am a Demon King of another world."

"Hohoho.....I see.....Very interesting."

Jittori Rafleisha's gaze licked Diablo. Her eyes looked like she was assessing him. He couldn't calm down.

"Hmph.....For the rest, this one will talk."

While his faults hadn't come out yet, he fell to the back.

Having been handed over the leadership of the talk, Rem turned her eyes to the people that had collapsed.

".....First, let us treat the ones that were wounded. I apologize for the strife of this occasion. I would like you to believe that we had no intention of insulting or injuring any Dark Elves. And then, Shera is my friend. She felt concerned about me as I tried to come to this land alone and decided to accompany me. She might be the princess of the Elves who the people of this land have a connection to but.....Right now, she is a mere compassionate escort."

Rafleisha nodded, and made a prompt with one hand.

Dark Elf soldiers—all women as expected, came and took the injured ones away. After verifying that it was done, Rafleisha opened her mouth.

"Having bows fired and a sword pointed towards you, I cannot say that Princess Shera's worries were needless fears. I would also like to apologize."

They had apologized to each other.

After that, Rem entered her real issue at hand.

".....I, have heard that the Ceremony Magic to take out the Demon King's soul was passed down in this land."

Rafleisha's expression swiftly became stern.

"I will not tell you of it!"

".....That is.....Do you have some sort of situation that you cannot speak of? In that case, could I have you listen to my own situation?"

"The guest's situation?"

Rem place a hand on her own abdomen.

".....A portion of the Demon King Krebskrum is sealed within me."

"Demon King!?"

".....Yes. I am sure that there is no need for me to explain what kind of

existence the Demon King is at this point. Long ago in ancient times, God sealed it in my ancestor.....And that was inherited from mother to daughter."

"That sort of seal was!?"

".....Various things happened, and as a result of having an enormous amount of magical power poured into me, the Demon King Krebskrum was revived."

The Dark Elves were shaken by Rem's words. They were even more noisy than when Diablo had proclaimed himself to be a Demon King earlier.

Rafleisha half-rose from the large tree's roots.

"C, could it be, that revived Demon King is....."

".....No, Diablo truly is a Demon King of another world. He is not Krebskrum. An awakened Demon King wouldn't have a conversation with the Races, right?

According to literature, they would only one-sidedly.....destroy, and kill."

"Right.....That's how it should be.....It is just as the guest says."

".....The Demon King Krebskrum is, currently in a harmless state. Please think of it as her being sealed in a different form."

"I understand."

Rafleisha breathed out, and sat back down.

The one that poured magical power into her in order to revive the Demon King Krebskrum was Diablo, is something that she didn't say. No matter how she explained it, they were an enemy to the Races if one looked only at their actions. It couldn't be helped if they were labeled as Demon King Worshipers. They had their own way of thinking though.....

Rem continued her story.

If either she herself died or had magical power poured into her, the Demon King Krebskrum's vestiges would be released.

If she gave birth to a daughter, they would inherit it, but she wanted to end this with her own generation.

She wanted to take out only the Demon King's vestiges and annihilate it.

The fact that the revived Krebskrum—that Krum was a little girl that loved biscuits and was living idly in Faltra City, is something that she kept secret.

".....And that, is my situation. The Ceremony Magic handed down among the Dark Elves should be of assistance, is what I heard from a trustworthy person, and that is why I have come here like this to ask this of you."

"Fumu.....I understand very well now. However, something like a Ceremony

Magic that can move a sealed Demon King, I cannot readily say that we “have” it."

Rafleisha’s attitude was strange.

Sylvie tilted her head.

"Although I don’t know the details either, could it be related to the thing in the past?"

Diablo asked “What kind of thing” but she replied with "I really don’t know the details."

The negotiations couldn’t continue like this. Closing his eyes, it felt like he was walking through a maze.

Rem asked Rafleisha several times, and finally arrived at her telling them the Dark Elf side’s situation.

Part 3

Rafleisha crossed her legs.

Yusari Her oversized breasts swayed.

"Well then, I will tell you a slight old tale. Something that happened long before the previous war—The Humans' king dispatched a 《Holy Army》 to the forest that the Dark Elves of that time lived in."

A question mark popped up in Diablo's mind.

—Holy Army? What is that?

That is a name that didn't appear even in the MMORPG Cross Reverie's setting compilation.

Sylvie muttered.

"The Holy Army, that's quite the old story. That's the name of the army corps that was in the era of the Lifelia King from three generations ago, isn't it?"

So it wasn't narrated in the game since it was something from long ago.

Rafleisha continued her story.

"The Holy Army had the objective of obstructing the Demon King's revival..... Publicly that is..... With the Ceremony Magic that undos the Demon King's seal that was handed down among us as the reason, they attacked."

It was a terrible story.

Not just Rem and Shera, even Sylvie was surprised. This seemed to be an incident that a majority of the Races didn't know of.

"Even though we only inherited the Ceremony Magic that was entrusted to us in the era of legends..... Due to the Holy Army, many Dark Elves were killed. The beautiful forest that they lived in at that time was burned to the ground, and that is why the few that remained alive hid in this Blackwood that is full of poisonous plants."

"S, something like that had....."

Rem groaned.

Rafleisha talked with a deepened voice.

"When the Holy Army attacked.....The Elves, not a single one of them tried to protect the Dark Elves. Isn't it only natural to resent them? The Greenwood

King of that time died just a few days ago though."

Shera gasped at this.

"Tou-san.....just abandoned you!?"

"Did you not know? Well, if you knew, there is no way you would have come here."

"I was only taught that “Dark Elves are scary” so....."

"Naturally, I’m sure we are scary to the Elves. We do resent them that strongly after all."

"Ah, uu....."

Shera hung her head down.

It made even Rem go silent. Even Sylvie didn’t have her usual smile.

Rose remained expressionless, and was only single-mindedly being vigilant of the surroundings.

Diablo was bad with silence.

The talk wasn’t advancing. He was thinking that it was a waste of time.

"Fumu.....In other words, isn’t this a chance to try out that Ceremony Magic that you inherited at the risk of your lives. This is quite fortuitous."

Rafleisha became speechless, then yelled loudly in the next moment.

"There’s no way it was that kind of story!?"

—So I was wrong.

It seemed that what she conveyed was slightly out of sync from how Diablo interpreted it.

However, withdrawing due to something like being mistaken wasn’t Demon King-like.

He persisted on it with confidence. He hit the ground with the pommel of his War Scythe.

"You all, you harbor resentment to the Holy Army and the Elves, don’t you!?"

So? What connection do they have with me? I have gone out of my way to meet with you, so you should cooperate!"

"Fool! Is that the attitude to take when asking for something!?"

Although he was flustered in his mind from being scolded, he earnestly persisted in his composed attitude. Diablo made a light laugh.

"Fu.....So it’s finally become a “current” talk. Then I shall renew my attitude. If I do, then you will cooperate, right?"

Rafleisha had released her anger, but she was a person that had the position of unifying a large number of people. She also had the capacity to think calmly.

"By that, do you mean you'll use brute force?"

—So I have that sort of hand to play as well. But it seems like Rem would dislike that. I also don't want to do something that's like extortion after all.

While Diablo was pondering that, Rem denied it with a loud voice.

"Absolutely not! I believe that resolving my own problem.....That getting out of this unstable situation of mine, would be for the sake of the Races. However, making someone submit with force for the sake of that, I feel that is wrong."

Rafleisha breathed a long sigh.

"That is a good way of thinking..... The guest is a strong Magician. But, that being said, if you say that you will try to threaten us with that power, I will fight against you with all of my strength. It's because choosing to fight rather than yielding to violence, that is how Dark Elves are."

It was probably due to that proud nature that they were destroyed by the Holy Army—It wasn't hard to imagine that.

Isn't teaching them the Ceremony Magic better than dying, is what he thought but.....Every person had their own sense of values. They were different in race for starters, and they were also influenced by past events.

Sylvie nodded as if she understood something.

"Ahh, now I get it—. Kami-sama might have entrusted the Ceremony Magic to them because they have that sort of nature."

Rem asked a question.

".....What should I do, to get you to cooperate with me?"

"Let's see—Guest has a friend. And she isn't a normal friend. Amazingly, she is the Elven Princess-sama! Moreover, her father king has died, her older brother prince has also died, and she is now the sole line to the royal family's blood."

Having suddenly gathered the surrounding gazes, Shera was bewildered.

"Eh? Me?"

"Hohoho.....If, for example, you were to take the lost trust between the Elves and the Dark Elves.....and restore it, guest and I would be fellow friends. I would then cooperate with pleasure, you know?"

Shera showed a smile at those words.

"Waah, I think that's good! Although I don't really get the difficult stuff, getting

along with each other is a good thing, isn't it!"

"You say some pleasant things. Well then, as a sign of friendship.....Could you hand over a part of Greenwood?"

"Hoe?"

"In the past, Dark Elves also lived in a rich and blessed forest. Now, only we are in a forest of poison.....Like this, even if we talk about reconciliation, it's impossible, right? The fact that they did not fight against the Holy Army together with us at that time.....If you concede part of the Elven forest, then we could let bygones be bygones. How about three times the size of this village?"

Rafleisah turned an evaluating gaze towards her.

"Erm....."

Shera made a pensive look.

Rem and Sylvie made stern expressions.

To demand territory in exchange for Ceremony Magic—there was no way that would be acceptable.

Diablo tightly grasped his War Scythe.

—This woman, she had no intention of cooperating from the start, did she?

Even if they do try to resist, should I use force?

Naturally, the other party could also sense this side's mood. He could tell that the Dark Elf Archers raised their tension.

This was truly a critical situation.

Shera clapped both of her hands.

A *Pahn!* sound resounded.

"Sure, that's fine!"

"Hohoho.....As I thought, you wouldn't hand it ov—Nn? Just now, what did you say?"

Rafleisha's eyes went round.

Shera expressed a smile that had no worries.

"Like I said, that's fine. Three times as big as this village? Although I don't really get it, if it's to that extent, I think it should work out."

"That's impossible! Aren't even the Elves overflowing out from the forest to the point of having to go out of it!? Far from being able to concede any, they don't have enough of it, right!?"

"But, Rafleisha-san, if what you say is true, I think that much is only natural.

Living in a forest where only poisonous grass grows is difficult, right?"

"That's.....of course it is....."

"I, don't know why Tou-san didn't protect the Dark Elves. I think I'll try asking Kaa-san later. But, I think that it would be better if both the Elves and the Dark Elves got along."

Rafleisha shook her head left and right.

"Unbelievable! This is unbelievable! Th, that's right.....In the end, a princess is a princess, not the king. She does not have the authority to concede the forest. It's that sort of thing, isn't it!? You planned on saying "it was impossible" afterwards and making it null and void, weren't you!?"

Mu Shera pouted her lips.

"I wouldn't say something like a lie!"

"Would you bet your life on it!? Would you swear to God!?"

"Of course! That's why, properly do something about Rem!"

Panicking, Rem cut in.

"W, what're you.....Do you understand what you're saying, Shera!? No, you don't understand at all!"

"That's so mean, Rem."

"Baka Shera! To concede the forest to the Dark Elves, there's no way the Elves would agree to that. To bet your life on that sort of promise, you're taking this too lightly....."

"It's not lightly. It's not lightly at all.....I mean, Rem, when I was taken away by Nii-san, you risked your life to come and save me. That's why, it's my turn this time, you know?"

"Th, that was.....Diablo was....."

"Un, that's true. So if there's a time that Diablo is in trouble, we'll both do our best."

Shera tightly gripped her fists in front of her chest.

Rem's voice trembled.

".....As I thought, you are stupid. If there's a situation where Diablo is in trouble, there's no way there could be anything we could do."

"Ahaha, that's true—."

".....Is this really alright, Shera?"

"Yup! Since I've properly thought about it, it's perfect!"

She deeply nodded.

Rafleisha summarized the conversation.

"If Princess Shera is going to swear to God, then we will trust her. In exchange for a portion of the forest, we will forget about the past, and since we are friends—we will properly solve the matter of the Demon King sealed in the Pantherian guest—Swear to God."

"I promise! I swear to God!"

Shera strongly nodded.

Part 4

The Ceremony Magic would be performed immediately.

It seemed that it would be fine if only Rem participated but.....

Shera said that she wanted to be present, so she ended up accompanying her. Since they had requested for the Ceremony Magic, they had no choice but to trust Rafleisha. Since she was promised some unexpected compensation, she probably wouldn't betray them.

However, what about the other Dark Elves? Would they be able to declare that they would absolutely not inflict injuries on Rem and Shera?

He felt uneasy about it being only Rem who was receiving the Ceremony Magic and Shera who was weak to surprise attacks.

Diablo told them.

"I will see it through as well."

"Hohoho.....Can you not trust me? You sure are a cautious gentleman. But, it would be troubling if there were too many people. The space in the altar is a narrow place after all."

"Understood. Rose and Sylvie, stay at the carriage."

For an instant, Rose made a pained face, but she bowed her head very deeply.

"I have received, your order, My Master."

"Un, we will wait outside. Try not to act violently, okay, Diablo-san."

The two of them left the building.

Taken along by Rafleisha, Diablo, Rem and Shera moved to the inner rooms.

The other side of the large tree—

It was a room that wasn't all that spacious. There were two entrances, the door that Diablo's group came in, and another one that was at the back.

There were no windows, and it was much darker than the previous location.

Once again, 《Light》 Magic was used for lighting.

At the center of the wooden flooring, there was a pond surrounded with rocks

Fish were swimming within the water.

Surprisingly, not one person came as Rafleisha's guard. There wasn't anyone

else in the room either.

Are the guards on the other side of the wall? Or was he unable to notice their presence?

Being unable to sense them would be uncool but.....If he pretended to have discovered them but there really were none, that would be stupidly lame. That would be way too laughable. How should he ask so that it would not injure his Demon King-like majesty!?

Diablo snorted.

"Hmph.....Your guard.....What is the meaning of this, Rafleisha or whatever?"

She expressed a soft smile.

"This place is called the 《Purification Room》. Since the only ones allowed to enter are me and the ones receiving the ceremony, the guards are not here." So as he thought, there weren't any.

"For you to trust us this easily, it's surprising."

"Hohoho.....It is because we have already become friends after all."

"Mu....."

When Diablo made an unconvinced face, Rafleisha added to her words.

"For the guest that came from another world, you might find it hard to understand but.....royalty has sworn to God. That is serious. For example, it is much more serious than the exchanging of money."

"So it is that sort of thing."

"It is because the ones that were awarded God's special divine protection and are able to make the country affluent are royalty. And then, this time, no matter how you think of it, it is a promise advantageous to the Dark Elf side. So long as that kind of proposal was made, if we were to do nothing in addition to that, we wouldn't have pride or anything, right?"

"Certainly, a single Ceremony Magic for a forest three times as big as this village is....."

Shera cut in.

"You're wrong! The Elves and Dark Elves will get along! It was that sort of promise."

"That's true.....The citizens are still half in doubt though.....If we were to live in a rich and blessed forest once again.....If Princess Shera's promise were fulfilled, then I'm sure we'll be able to get along. The places we'll live in will be close

after all."

Rem made a long face.

".....Is this really alright? I'm, worried about the emotions of the Elf side which will be losing part of the forest."

"It'll be fine."

She confidently assured her. Though, since they were the words of Shera who usually doesn't think things through, there was a bit of anxiety.

Rafleisha squinted, and scooped some pond water.

Smelling its scent, she then held it in her mouth.

"Nn.....There is no problem. Now then, please do the purification."

".....What do you mean by problem?"

Rem asked a question.

"The spring water of this land, it is usually safe, but seldomly, there are times where the forest's poison mixes in. That is why we judge it by the smell and taste. Having the fish swim in there is also for that sake."

".....Is this pond water going to be used in the Ceremony Magic?"

Rafleisha nodded, and then asked a question back.

"Pantherian guest—Rem-san, was it? Do you, trust me?"

".....That's difficult. We have just met, and moreover, you have heard about the details of my past after all. But, this is a chance that Shera risked her life to make. I, am thinking of leaving everything to you, Rafleisha-sama."

"Hohoho.....You are a wise person."

".....I will be in your care."

Diablo recalled something.

—Ceremony Magic huh.

When he poured magical power into Rem, it had turned into something incredible. He had put that into her that and did that.....Would it turn into a act similar to that this time as well? Would these two get locked in a grapple? Maybe because Rem also that the same thought, her cheeks dyed red as she asked a question.

"U, um.....Will you be doing things like touching my body?"

"Why would I? God's ceremony is performed through having proper posture and words of prayer. There is no need to touch you."

".....So I just have to stand there? Just words? You won't touch me?"

"There is an altar to the east of the village. You pray there until the sun rises. It is also fine if you stand, but since it will go on all night, sitting is much easier on you. Well, if you want to be touched no matter what, I can do that though?"

"No! I will do it the normal way!"

"Hohoho.....Let's do that."

"Ahh, thank goodness. I had prepared myself for various things but it looks like I won't get disgraced this time."

Rem breathed a sigh as if she were relieved from the bottom of her heart.

"Thank goodness I have received your consent.....Well then, purify yourself with the spring water."

Rafleisha placed her hands on her own sash.

Shuru She undid her sash.

Her layered clothing gently spread out, and her breasts that could be seen as enormous even when she was wearing clothes were now freely exposed.

"Fuah!?"

Rem raised a strange voice.

Part 5

Having become naked, Rafleisha extended a hand to Rem.

"Since we will be praying to God, isn't cleansing the body only natural."

".....Th, that's true."

"Since there is a handed down tradition for the sake of the ceremony, could you do the same as me. First, from the left hand."

".....In undressing?"

"Like this."

Rem breathed a sigh.

".....Fuu.....I understand."

Diablo thought about making it so that he didn't see them, but Rafleisha said something outrageous.

"If you enter the 《Altar Room》, you are a ceremony participant. Since you will be standing before God, you need to similarly cleanse your body."

"Fuah!?"

This time, Diablo let out a voice similar to Rem from just a little while ago.

"Ahh, I see—"

Shera nodded, and placed her hands on her clothes without any hesitation. She smoothly started to take her clothes off.

Elves were a race with a prideful nature, but do they surprisingly have no opposition to being nude?

Rem blushed.

".....Shera.....aren't you embarrassed?"

"Just a bit. But I bet my life and swore to God after all."

".....Th, that's true. For me of all people to feel like that.....This magic ceremony is needed for the sake of my own future.....As well as for the peace of the Races. Shera had promised a large compensation, and even bet her life on it. I should not be feeling bashfulness!"

"Ahaha.....It's just like bathing after all."

".....That's true. And it's not like we're being seen by some unknown person."

Rem also started to undress.

Diablo also resolved himself.

In this situation, he alone couldn't say "I won't participate since I'm embarrassed". He might have selfishly refused if it was his past self though..... He had always acted together with Rem and Shera ever since he came to this other world after all, and even a sense of comraderie had sprouted.

"It cannot be helped. I suppose I will accompany you as well."

There was also a problem in terms of fighting power. When Rem didn't have her summon crystals and when Shera didn't have a bow and arrow, they couldn't fight. At a time where an accident happens when they don't have equipment, only Diablo could use magic.

He stored his War Scythe in his pouch.

He took off his mantle, as well as his top.

His heart beat accelerated.

Taking off his clothes in front of women, it really was embarrassing. He had a relationship where he went into the bath together with Rem and Shera, but it was not something that he got used to.

—Above all, it would be embarrassing if they figured out that I didn't have a normal presence of mind! At times like this, I've got to use math!

By filling his thoughts with numbers, he could concentrate blood from his lower half to his brain.

The value of pi, 3.14159265358979323846264338327950288419.....

"Ugh.....Next is, what was it.....7? Or was it 1?"

".....What's wrong, Diablo?"

"Let's hurry up and bathe!"

Shera came and grabbed his arm.

In the nude.

And then, the enumeration of the number that he remembered from his middle school times even though he had no interest in it at that time, with the soft touch of her naked body and the skin color that filled his vision in front of him, it scattered away like a Slime that was hit with an Explosion.

Awawa.

Rem extended her hands to his belt.

".....If you are going to participate, please hurry, Diablo. In advanced Ceremony Magic, the positioning of the moon and the stars are important."

While saying that, she skillfully took off his belt.



Placing her hands on his pants, she resolutely brought them down.

"ツ!?"

Rem even stopped her breathing. Her eyes went round. And then, her face went red, and she hurriedly jumped back.

—She brought it down together with my underwear—!?

Various things were taken out.

It was a perfect cast off.

Her back turned to him, Rem rapidly talked.

"S-s-s-sorry, Diablo! In, in any case.....Please hurry!"

"U-u-umu."

In the end, being undressed by Rem, and having his hand pulled by Shera, Diablo stood in front of the pond. Completely nude!

The atmospheric temperature was high, and since it was a locked room, it wasn't cold.

Rather, the sweating didn't stop.

Rem was to his right, Shera was to his left, and Rafleisha was in front. Small, big, and extremely big were here.

"Hohoho.....How surprisingly innocent. Since they are of other races, there's no need to mind it, right?"

"You as well, do not worry about unnecessary things and just concentrate on the ceremony."

Hiding his embarrassment, he tried to be daunting, but being completely naked, the intensity wasn't quite there.

Having a level 150 lean and muscular body was probably a saving grace.

Rafleisha crouched down, and submerged her right hand into the pond.

"Well then, could you do the same as me?"

".....I understand."

"Un!"

Rem and Shera also crouched down. Diablo also imitated her and extended his right hand.

As expected, the spring water was cold.

He was surprised about having to suddenly undress, but the act of purifying the body was normal. They wet their limbs, washed off the sweat of their bodies, and washed their faces.

If it finished with just that, it wasn't much of a problem but.....

A drop of water fell from her wet hair.

Rafleisha prompted them to the door at the back that was different from the door that they entered from.

"Well then, let us head to the altar."

Rem blinked twice, and asked a question as if to check something.

".....U, um.....What about our clothes?"

"Hohoho.....What are you saying? Even though you went through the trouble of cleansing yourself, there would be no meaning if you wore impure cloth once again."

Rafleisha opened the door.

Wind came in.

It was the outside.

The Dark Elf village.

Since it was the back of the castle, it was a different direction from where they came with the carriage, but several buildings with similar structures were lined up.

The sky had already become madder red, but it was still plenty bright.

There were Dark Elf women that were either preparing dinner at the hearths, cutting firewood, or doing maintenance to their bows.

".....We're going to walk.....through here?"

Rem raised a dry voice.

Rafleisha took the lead and went outside.

"Let us hurry. This Ceremony Magic needs to start before the sun sets after all."

".....Ah.....Uu"

Not just her face, Rem was dyed red as far as the nape of her neck.

As expected, even Shera's eyes were spinning in bashfulness.

"Fuwah—!? Are we going to go while naked!?"

"If you're having second thoughts, I don't mind if only Rem-san comes along, you know?"

Giving off a nonchalant air, Rafleisha looked over her shoulder. Since it seemed that cleansing one's body at this place and then walking to the altar was a custom, she was probably used to it.

Rem asked a question with a voice that sounded like she was squeezing it out.

".....In, in this village.....there are only, Dark Elf women, right!?"

"Yes, of course. The men, when they reach the age where they can hold a bow, their fathers or older brothers take them away as trainees after all."

".....Is that so."

Rem resolved herself and went outside.

Immediately near her, there was a Dark Elf woman carrying a bundle of branches on her shoulder.

"Hyah!?"

No matter how much of a custom it has become, as expected, being completely naked on the roadside is surprising.

That woman saw the appearance of the rest of the group, and seeming to have understood that it was for the sake of the Ceremony Magic, she made way after making a bow.

Rafleisha started walking unashamedly.

Having turned red, Rem and Shera followed after her.

—This sure has turned into something mean!

Since he couldn't turn back now, Diablo also moved his feet forward.

The village woman dropped her bundle of branches and a *gashan, bara bara* sound was made.

"Hii!?"

She raised a small scream, and staggered back. That gaze of hers, no matter how he thought of it, was concentrated on one point on Diablo.

—Is it my horns!? Is the the horns on my head!?

Diablo had only the 《Distorted Crown》 equipped. This alone was something that he could not take off no matter what happened. There was no way he could say something like “actually, it can be taken off” at this point.

It was a defensive armament that had a highly efficient ability called Automatic HP Recovery, but it also had an effect of “looking like you are growing devil horns”.

Since it was not a trait found among the Races, it couldn't be helped that she was surprised.

He felt that the Dark Elf woman's gaze went relatively down as well but.....That was surely his imagination.

The villagers turned their heads this way wondering what was happening.

"Ara ara!?" "Oh my!" "Kya—≡"

Since this was a precession headed to the altar, many of the residents courteously knelt down and saw them off.

However, among the women, there were some that stared.

Even though he was bad with being showered with attention even under normal circumstances, having his nudity exposed to unfamiliar women, he had a hard time preserving his sanity.

When he suddenly looked forward, Rem was sweating to the point that it was abnormal.

"Haa.....haa.....haa....."

"Oi, are you alright?"

".....Eh? What is it, Diablo? Is there some sort of problem? Me, of course, I am fine."

While breathing roughly, she answered like that.

Sweat was gushing out as if she had run a marathon or something, and was streaming down her flushed skin. Transparent drops fell down along the inner part of her thighs.

Her knees trembled.

She was muttering something.

".....I, I'm being seen.....Me.....In the nude.....In front of people.....This.....this sort of....."

Contrary to what she herself had insisted, she didn't look fine at all.

Even Shera who was walking next to her was worried about Rem's state.

"What's wrong? Does your stomach hurt or something?"

"I, I'm.....fine."

She said that but Rem was clearly in a state where strength wasn't going into her knees. She was walking unsteadily.

".....Ahh.....They're watching. That person, at.....me.....just, staring..... watching.....This, is, embarrassing."

Rem's foot was caught on some undergrowth, and she was about to fall over. Diablo extended his hand.

"Watch out!"

He grabbed her shoulder.

At that instant, Rem raised a high-pitched voice.

"Hyah!!"

"O, oi.....?"

Biku biku! As if she had received an electric shock or something, Rem's body trembled.

"FUNNNNNNUUuuuu.....ツ!!"



—This is, could it be?

Diablo froze up while still gripping her arm.

The amount of drops that spilled out from her increased.

"Ah.....gu.....Fuu, fuu.....Diablo.....C, could you.....haa.....not touch me.....so suddenly?"

Rem was even shedding tears.

While being overawed by that state of hers, he replied with only words.

"In, in that case, hold a dignified appearance and walk."

"Hafuu.....Of course.....I am, fine.....I won't.....be that strange.....at all."

With her whole body flushed, Rem started walking again.

Even Shera's face had gone red.

"Hafuu~"

"Make sure that you don't go strange too, got it, Shera?"

While being watchful, Diablo walked immediately behind them.

The nature of people was varied.

This meant that Rem was weak with walking down the street in the nude more than other people.....

It looks like she's gotten a bit of a strange feeling, doesn't it—as he thought that, he drove his thoughts into the abyss while stepping on the liquid that had fallen little by little on the ground.

They arrived at the east end of the village.

In a floor-raised building, it seemed that it was used as a granary. Climbing up a ladder, the second floor was an 《Altar Room》.

A purple carpet was spread out, and several mysterious tools used in rituals were lined up.

At the back of the room, there was an old silver holy symbol placed down.

In addition to sweat, tears and other things, Rem had suffered various terrible things but.....

"Haa.....haa....."

"Now then, Rem-san, go to the center of the magic formation. Could Princess Shera and Diablo-san sit behind her? Try not to doze off."

"Of course.....I will, be fine."

Rem made a deep breath.

Rafleisha turned to the symbol and started to offer her prayers. Although solemnness could be felt, in short, she was reciting the scriptures. He had gotten

bored with just five minutes.

Shera groaned.

"This, is it going to continue until morning, Diablo?"

"So it would seem. Do not fall asleep."

"I might be hungry."

"Endure it."

"I, I need to pee."

"!?"

Thinking "this has turned into something terrible", Diablo and Shera went pale. Although various things had happened.....

The Ceremony Magic was held without incident.

Chapter 4: Trying Out Returning Home

Part 1

Two days later—

After the Ceremony Magic finished, since they had fallen fast asleep, their departure ended up happening the next morning.

Right now, Sylvie was gripping the reins, and next to her in the driver's seat, Shera was sitting there as the guide.

The carriage left Blackwood behind, and was headed for the forest that the Elven suzerain state was in—for Greenwood.

Diablo sat down on the second row of the three rows of benches which included the driver's seat at the front.

Next to him was Rem.

It was a Ceremony Magic where they merely listened to a prayer, but it seemed that the person herself had consumed both HP and MP, and was still languid.

In her hands, there was an orb that was tinged with magical power. It was transparent like a glass marble, and a black flame wavered inside of it.

"....."

It was a gem that sealed the Demon King Krebskrum's remnants, a 《Divine Crystal》.

Rem had gazed at it several times since yesterday.

After the Ceremony Magic, Diablo touched her and tried searching her magical power, but the Demon King's remnants had certainly vanished.

It seemed that they were able to transfer the seal to the Divine Crystal.

Even though it could only be sealed in a Pantherian woman in the past.....

Maybe it was because they were the Demon King's remnants, maybe it's a result of the magic being researched, or maybe God's power was strengthened.

He didn't understand the reasoning behind it. Diablo was able to even use Maximum Magic, but that was the result of leveling up in the game. He didn't possess the systematic knowledge in regards to magic.

A female voice was raised from the seat behind him.

"Hohoho.....There is no need to worry, the Ceremony Magic went perfectly. It is alright to trust me, you know?"

The one that said that while gently smiling was Rafleisha. She was next to Rose, sitting on the third bench.

For her to unexpectedly accompany them—she had come along to make sure that the promise of conceding a portion of the forest was kept. Also unexpectedly, she came alone.

Rem muttered while still keeping her gaze dropped to her hands.

".....I have neither any doubt or worry.....Merely, the fact that “it is finished” does not feel real to me yet. My family lineage has had our lives dominated by this after all."

"I see. But if you keep the Divine Crystal, is it any different from not being released in the truest meaning? Even though you could have entrusted it to us in the Dark Elf village."

".....That is an appreciated proposal, but even if they are remnants, it is the Demon King.....Rather than entrusting it to someone else, I am able to feel a peace of mind having it in my hands. Diablo is at my side after all."

Rem sent her gaze at him.

Reflexively becoming bashful by that trust, he averted his gaze.

"Well, even if Krebskrum were to revive fully, she wouldn't be a match for me though."

"Fufu.....That might be true. Thanks to you, Diablo.....No, there was also the help from Shera and everyone else but.....I have been saved. I am very grateful.....Really, thank you."

Rem brought her body close.

Ton Her head touched Diablo's upper arm.

Due to her panther ears, it felt as if a kitten had come rubbing its head on him and fawning on him. He unconsciously caressed her head.

The feel of Rem's soft and thin hair felt very good.

Rem showed no sign of disliking it, and instead, due to exhaustion, increased the degree her body was glued to him even more.

".....Nn."

Closing her eyes, she entrusted herself to him.

Shera and Sylvie, who were seated at the seats in front of him, looked back and let out glad-looking smiles.

Rafleisha took out a small harp.

Poron.....pororon..... A soft sound was played.

A gentle world.

If only this kind of gentle time continued on forever, is what Diablo thought. Only Rose had turned an expressionless stone statue as if her magical power had been cut off and had kept quiet though.

Noon—

They arrived at a certain village. It was an ordinary Human village. There were also the figures of Pantherians and Grasswalkers.

Sylvie made an explanation.

"Everyone, take the luggage and get down. After we entrust the carriage to this village, we'll walk inside the forest. This isn't Blackwood so I don't think there are many poisonous plants, but be careful of wild animals."

It seemed that carriages couldn't go in as far as the Greenwood Kingdom. One had to walk from this village which was the nearest to it.

Just as he was taking down the luggage—Sylvie began to talk with him.

"Diablo-san, can I have a moment?"

"What is it?"

"I'm thinking of returning to Faltra City ahead of you guys. Celes-san's quest has been accomplished, and Rem-san's problem seems to have been settled after all."

"You didn't do anything though."

"Ahaha.....You really poke at where it hurts. Well, that's exactly it.....This party will be fine even without me. Above all, I don't want to be away from Faltra City for too long."

"Fumu."

There was the possibility that the awakened Demon King's troops will invade. Although the Feudal Lord's army is stationed there, the fighting power of the Adventurers is also important. And Sylvie the Guildmaster was their manager.

"And so, this is actually my main question but—Once the matter with the Greenwood Kingdom has finished, Diablo-san, could you also return to Faltra City?"

"Well, I had intended on returning there though."

There was also the matter of Krum that they left in Faltra City. Even if he himself didn't say it, he thought that Rem and Shera would want to return there

as well.

Sylvie loosened her expression.

"Thank goodness! Right now, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that whether or not this party is able to participate as a key point in the defensive battle would influence the life or death of the Races after all."

"It is not like it is for the sake of the Races. Since there is an inn that I have grown accustomed to using, we will return. That is all."

"Fufu.....The 《Relief》 Inn's Mei-chan would be delighted if she heard that. Well then, I'll be going!"

Sylvie gave words of encouragement to Shera, and also gave her parting words to Rem and Rose. After talking a bit with Rafleisha as well, she left the party. Farewells really are lonesome things.

However, if they continued things just as planned, putting them aside, they would surely meet again at Faltra City.

Just as she had said, the Demon King army should come invading eventually. It seemed like there was a need for Diablo's group to participate in the defensive battle.

—A Demon King subjugation huh.

He remembered the MMORPG Cross Reverie's limited-time event.

An overall gauge would decrease through the number of times that all Players completed the Demon King's subjugation, and if it was completely whittled down within the time period, then it was a victory.

However, for the very first Demon King subjugation event, the Player's completion speed drastically surpassed the administration's expectations, and even though there were two weeks for it, it was defeated in half a day.....And in the next day, it became stronger and revived. How nostalgic.

Rose made an inquiry.

"Is there something you are worried about, Master?"

"No.....Both you and I are originally existences not of this other world. I was summoned by Rem and Shera but.....I do not believe those two had enough power to call forth even the 《Demon King's Labyrinth》."

"I believe it is just as you say."

"Isn't the power of some kind of transcendental being at work? I don't know who or what they are but.....Their objective might be "this", is what I was

thinking."

"This, you say?"

"Protecting the Races from the awakened Demon King—Just as Sylvie said as well, with the current Lifelia Kingdom's war potential, they probably have poor prospects of winning. However, if this Diablo and Rose were to join in.....

Moreover, if the equipment of my treasury were to be used, their war potential would rise to make it a struggle for supremacy.....No, it most likely would let them make a complete reversal."

"It is just as you say. Even if the awakened Demon King is the opponent, there is no way Master would fall behind them."

—They probably aren't that simple of an opponent.

How he was able to defeat the Demon King solo in the MMORPG Cross Reverie, a considerable amount of good luck was also factored in.

The Krebskrum that he fought in Faltra City wasn't completely awakened.

In this other world, he had not fought against a perfect Demon King. Being self-conceited was forbidden.

However, Diablo composedly nodded.

"That is only natural. For I am the true Demon King."

"Yes!"

Rose gazed at him with sparkling eyes.

Part 2

They advanced within the forest.

When compared to the forest on the outskirts of Faltra City, the density was much higher and the visibility was bad. There was undergrowth that grew to knee-height, and since the ground couldn't be seen, one could be tripped up by the unevenness of the soil.

The one that took the lead was Shera. After her was Diablo and Rem, with Rafleisha following after them. Rose came along at the end.

The current party members were these five people.

Shera turned her head back.

"Hey— hey—, it's going to be night, you know?"

".....Since this is a deep forest, we cannot walk like you Elves."

Rem made a counterargument.

"I chose a place that's pretty easy to walk through though—."

".....Kuh.....I could leave you behind in an instant if we were in the plains though."

It would be bad to leave her behind.

Diablo got worried.

"We've walked for quite a bit but are we going in the right direction?"

"This area is already something like a yard to me—."

Calling it a yard, Shera smoothly advanced forward while still looking back.

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, one was able to run with the same motion whether it was level ground or a forest.

In reality, their speed had fallen by more than half.

It was fine since he had the body of a level 150 Adventurer, but if he were in his original body, his legs would have surely become unable to move. It was that hard.

—Nn? Wait a sec?

It was about something that could be done easily in the game.

It was difficult if he was conscious of it but.....

He remembered when he was making potions. When he concentrated on other

things, his hands would become those of a 《Skilled Compounder》, and could do the job in an instant.

At that time, he turned his senses to Shera's breasts as she was bent forward, and he had succeeded in it.

Right now, Shera was several steps in front of him, and it was difficult to see her face and figure. Since Rem was next to him, should he try turning his consciousness towards her?

As he was thinking that, a voice called out from behind.

"You two, since it seems there is a level difference in the path ahead, be careful."

"Umu."

Diablo turned his head to the back.

Rafleisha the Dark Elf was walking right behind him. As expected of a race that lives in a forest, she has a lot of composure.

And then, the two gigantic orbs on her chest projected out with a *zudon*.

With every step, *guwaran, guwaran*, those gigantic, Demon King-class bulges shook.

—Incredible!!

He was involuntarily captivated by them. At that instant, he turned his consciousness away from his feet. Just as he predicted, Diablo started to walk through the forest with footwork and defensive body movements that would put the Elves to shame.

However, since his consciousness returned to his walking when he was aware of it, he nearly tripped the moment it did.

"This is surprisingly difficult."

"Ara, do you have some sort of business with me?"

"That is not really the case but....."

"Hohoho.....If you stare at them like that, it gets somewhat embarrassing, you know? Ah, could it be....."

"Ugh!?"

Thinking that he was caught staring at Rafleisha's demonic breasts, he became flustered.

"Diablo-san, were you trying to imitate the Elves' way of walking? Those movements just now, they felt pretty good."

"Is, is that so."

Rafleisha lined up next to him.

When he looked at them from a place that felt like his hands could reach them, they had an immense impact to them.

Dotapun, dotapun

Moreover, since he had seen them naked once before, he could imagine what was underneath the layered cloth. Diablo's heart rate suddenly rose.

She courteously gave an explanation.

"Even if it's called undergrowth, it varies, and from the leaves' direction as well as thickness and length, the location and the angle of the ground it grows in can be grasped."

"Ah.....Umu....."

"Since it is slow and tiring when it reaches knee level, you let the tips of your shoes pass in between the blades of grass and—Ara, even without teaching you, you are walking skillfully. As expected of you."

"Nn? O, ou.....Naturally! I am a Demon King after all!"

Using Rafleisha's teaching as a reference, Rem's feet also speed up. For Rose, it wasn't at the same level as the Elves, but she followed along with a stable pace. They had increased their pace, but even so, Shera's figure vanished into the space between the trees. She was just too fast.

—I guess it can't be helped.

It was enough that she got a fever from hearing of her father's death. In truth, she probably wanted to return to her motherland directly without getting close to Blackwood.

Rem grimaced.

".....I can understand her feelings but, we'll be in trouble if she lose sight of her. Should I call her back?"

"If it's to the Greenwood Kingdom, then I also know the way."

"Is that so.....That really helps."

"At this rate, it will be about half a koku."

".....Ugh.....So one hour huh."

Rem looked up at the sky.

Diablo was able to get the hang of it. It was hard to say that he got the hang of walking through the forest but.....burning the sight he saw from peeking at her

shaking demonic breasts into his mind, he enjoyed remembering it. Instead of understanding what he was seeing through sophisticated technique, it seemed that he was able to avert his consciousness away from his manner of walking. I wonder if I've crossed over another one of this other world's walls, is what he thought.

"Kyaaaaa~~~~~!!"

A scream could be heard from the front.

"Shera!?"

Diablo's consciousness was completely separated from the way he walked. The information that it was hard to walk through here was blown out from his mind, and he accelerated as if he were running on level ground.

Passing through the gaps of the trees like wind, he arrived at the location that the scream was raised.

Part 3

She's not here!?

"What's the meaning of this, Shera is.....!?"

"Di, Diablo～"

A voice came falling.

He looked up.

Something that looked like vines twisted around Shera's body, and raised up up to a considerable height.

It bound her arms and legs, and crept about as if checking the curves of her body. Its outward appearance was that of vines, but its movements resembled that of a snake.

With the thickly growing foliage at its back, he noticed its squirming body.

It was a green orb.

It had a size that a person could fit in it.

Tentacles that resembled plant vines grew out from its body, and by extending those, it grabbed onto a tree, and caught Shera.

Its surface split open. It was an eye. The gigantic eye glared at Diablo.

"So it was a 《Napper》!"

It was a plant-type monster that was classified as a wild beast.

Swords had a hard time reaching it, and it had a high resistance to magic. Hiding in the leave overhead, it makes surprise attacks with its tentacles.

It's easy to crush if arrows are used but.....

Shera, the crucial Archer, was restrained.

Diablo clicked his tongue.

"Falling behind to some level 50 fellow."

No matter how high its POW (resistance) was, it doesn't matter if he hits it with a high firepower magic. However, since Shera was made into a shield, he needed to make it so that she didn't get caught up in it.

The sounds of footsteps came from behind him.

They were probably Rem, Rose, and Rafleisha.

—In this situation, would it be better to leave it to Rose?

It was possible for her to jump a distance of about ten meters after all, and she would be able to cut up a monster with low physical defense like it was tofu. However, the Napper took an action different from what it did in the game. Using the tentacles it had extended to the surrounding trees, it ran away. However, it did it while still holding on to Shera.

"KyaAah——Nghuh!?"

A somewhat plump tentacle shoved itself into her mouth as she screamed. At this rate, she'll be snatched away!

Diablo kicked the ground and chased after it. He didn't have the time to wait for Rem and the others.

—It's only natural that this sort of action wasn't implemented in the MMORPG. To abduct a party member and then run away!

If there was instant death, then (although he hadn't heard that this existed in this other world) there was Resurrection Magic. If there was a Petrification or Paralyzation, it could be lifted.

However, if they were abducted, the adventure couldn't continue. It would be a failure as a game.

"Kuh.....Furthermore, you're telling me it's fast!?"

Stretching and wrapping its several tentacles around the trees, it pulled itself. It only repeated that action, but it was fast to the point that there wasn't much of a difference in speed from Diablo running with all his might.

If this place weren't a forest with bad visibility, and if he didn't have to worry about hitting Shera, he would have immediately hit it with magic and ended this but.....Or maybe, if he used Haste-type Magic, he could probably reach it in an instant.

However, Diablo had the 《Demon King's Ring》 equipped. This would reflect and nullify Enchant Magic cast on himself as well.

Shera twisted her body.

"Nn.....Uu.....ツ"

Since her mouth was plugged up, she let out a moan.

The tentacles that crept along her body finally got as far as inside her clothing. What she was wearing was the native clothing for the Elves, but due to Shera's chest being too big, it was normally tight. Since something as thick as the tentacles entered there, the fastening cord finally snapped.

Making a *butsu* sound, her breasts were bared.

"Nnnn~~~~ツ!?"

Her bulges had become exposed.

Shera tried to extend a hand to an arrow that she somehow carried on her back but.....Being a monster that lived in a forest of the Elves, it understood that the bow and arrows were weapons. It threw them away along with the quiver.

The gigantic eyeball gazed at Shera's body.

Seeming to have an interest in the trait that the Elves didn't have, one couldn't tell what the monster's thoughts were, but several tentacles gathered to her chest.

She wanted to cover them with her hands, but with them still caught by tentacles, she couldn't do that.

"Uuu.....!?"

At the end of the tentacles that resembled vines, it became thin like a brush. It touched her with those as if it were caressing her skin.

"Fuanツ!?"

Shera ended up letting out a sweet voice from that delicate stimulus that went to her delicate spots.

The tentacles touched her as if tickling armpits, and wrapped around each bulge. Then once more around. Due to it not being touched, the tips instead became sensitive. Towards those summits, several tentacles climbed up.

With it slowly stirring me up, what will happen if it touches them like this—thinking that, Shera harbored a sense of anxiety, as well as a curiosity towards what would happen.

However, at a spot where not even the width of a finger was left, the tentacles stopped their mountain climb.

"U.....u.....u.....?"

Relief that they weren't touched, fear towards the monster's incomprehensible actions, the aching of the tips.....Several feelings and emotions swirled about in her mind.

And then, she noticed that the opponent's attention was moved to a different spot.

More tentacles than the ones that stimulated her chest gathered toward the lower half of her body.

They wrapped around her thighs, and before long, they approached her crotch. The back of her knees were rubbed, and a numbing sensation ran through her. "Hahn.....ツ"

If it weren't for the tentacle in her mouth, she might have let out an even louder voice. Even the thick tentacle that was inside of her mouth, its tip was thin, and it moved around as if searching the inside of Shera's mouth. Caressing her gums, wrapping around her tongue, it continued to the back of her throat.

And then, as for the lower half of her body, the tentacles got as far as inside her underwear—

Shera was unable to let her voice out but she earnestly tried to shout.

—That place, is no goodddd!!

Tears reflexively rose to the corners of her eyes.

Transparent drops fell out.

The chasing Diablo snapped.

"《Heaven's Fall》!!"

Several gigantic rocks came falling from the sky.

The level 100 attack magic was multiplied by his Magic Staff, the 《Tonnerre Empereur》, and dropped huge rocks in the whole area.

However, the Napper was not included in the attack range.

The trees in the vicinity of the monster were pulverised altogether.

Diablo glared at the enemy.

"You went and did as you pleased, didn't you, you mere small fry."

In the game, even if it looked like the terrain was changed with magic, it was just a performance. However, this other world was different.

If the enemy was making use of the trees to run away, he merely had to pulverise those trees.

Sensing the difference in power between itself and him, the Napper turned Shera into a shield.

Concealing some tentacles in between the collapsed trees on the ground, it stretched them out to the trees that were outside of the magic's range but.....

All of its movement were grasped by Diablo.

"Pulverize all of that foolish thing! 《Lightning Arrow》!!"

Several shining bullets of light went flying.

Making them avoid the front and go around so that they wouldn't hit Shera, he made them accurately hit at the bases of the tentacles.

The tentacles that had caught her loosened, and she fell.

"Hya!?"

Being caught by a monster of this level was a massive failure on her part, but Shera's basic abilities were high. She turned her body over, and skillfully landed. There was no longer any need to worry about her.

Diablo resolutely drove magic into it.

"You should try being restrained as well—《Demon Squeeze》!!"

Black ivy covered the monster orb.

It was a Darkness attribute Magic learned at level 120, and was the highest version of 《Dark Press》. The black ivy would tighten up on the things caught it. During its effect, they are given a 《Bind》status, and are gradually given damage through the pressure.

However, against a level 50 monster that already suffered damage, there was not much need for that much attack magic.

At the moment that the pressure started to apply, *paan!*, the Napper ruptured.

If this were the game, this is where the fanfare for the completion of the battle would ring.

It wasn't exactly in return for that, but Shera, who was on the verge of tears, ran his way.

"Waaaaan, Diablo—!!"

"You damned fool, you were too careless. Even though you were warned by Sylvie too."

"I'm so—rry!"

"Wa.....Wait a moment, Shera, you!"

Being embraced by her while she was in a state of her chest still being exposed, Diablo froze up as if he were in a 《Bind》status.

".....Ah.....uu."

"Hauuuu, Diablo～. That was so scary—."

"Ahh, um.....Were you hurt?"

"I'm fine. But, that was frightening. I might have been about to turn into a monster's wife."

"That is no joke."

"Ehehe.....Thanks, as always."

She hugged him tightly.

At times like this, should I hug her back? However, she is kind of naked.....is what Diablo thought as he kept his hands hovering above Shera's shoulders.

Part 4

"Ah, I see it! That's it! That's the Greenwood Kingdom!"

Shera raised a lively voice.

The national flag was tied to a tree.

Although buildings couldn't particularly seen, it seemed that they truly had arrived. Two hours had passed since the battle.

Naturally, Shera had already fixed her clothes. Adventurers were people that at least carried around clothing repair tools.

"Good grief.....We got too lost in the forest."

"There's nothing I could do about that—. Although I remember the forest around here, Diablo, you turned it into a mess after all."

Due to him having pulverized many trees through 《Heaven's Fall》 when she was caught by the Napper, until she got a grasp of their current location, they walked in circles for a while.

Moreover, they weren't able to meet up with Rem and the others. With just the two of them, Diablo and Shera came to the Greenwood Kingdom.

"I wonder of Rem and the others are alright—?"

"There should be no problem. Rafleisha said that she “knew”. They might have arrived ahead of us."

"That's true—."

Suddenly, Shera cast her gaze up.

"Ah.....Is someone coming?"

"Mu?"

Is it another enemy—is what Diablo thought as he put himself on guard.

Before long, someone jumped down from the tree branches.

They were Elves.

There were about six of them.

Were they the Elven elite that he had hostilities against before? All of them carried bows on their backs, and they wore tight green clothes. Their looks were much too beautiful that they could be mistaken for women, but all of them were probably men.

"Eh.....!? Could it be, are you Shera-sama!?"

The young man at the lead raised a surprised voice.

Shera waved both of her hands left and right.

"Wawa—, everyone, it's been so long—."

Acting way too lightly, it was the return of the heir to the throne.

The young Elf man knelt down.

"Shera-sama! Thank you very much for coming back!!"

"Un. It looks like things have been kinda difficult.....so I'm sorry about coming so late."

"Nonsense!"

"This person is Diablo."

"We are aware. We, had battled against him at Faltra's Lake East after all."

"Ah, I see."

It was when she was taken by Prince Kiira. It seemed that these Elves were attached to the elite forces. Since Shera was caught at the time, she didn't see the fight.

It was nice that he didn't have to go through the trouble of making them understand his ability and position.

The young man talked once more.

"At that time, thank you very much for protecting Shera-sama."

"Is that something to say thanks for? It seems like I was seen as stealing Shera away from Prince Kiira though?"

"In regards to the prince's actions, there is nothing I can say with my position. However, after that—there is the matter of how you saved Shera-sama and us from Faltra's Feudal Lord. I cannot suppress my feelings of gratitude."

"Hmph.....That was only because Galford challenged me that I kicked him about. No matter who they are, those that oppose me will be shown no mercy."

Shera said "He's being bashful", adding those unnecessary words.

One hour later—

Guided by the elite soldiers, they walked into the Greenwood Kingdom.

"Ooh....."

Diablo involuntarily leaked out a voice of admiration. It was just that magnificent.

The graphics of the MMORPG Cross Reverie were wonderful as well, but as

expected, actually seeing it with his own eyes, it was moving.

There were gigantic trees that overwhelmed the other trees in the forest, and there was scaffolding around them. Countless thick branches were used like rooms, and the Elves lived in them using the leaves as carpeting.

They played instruments, read books, and talked with each other.....

At times they were hungry, when they stretched out their hands, fruits or berries would be growing there. They had fruits as their staple food.

There were some that would occasionally hunt as a hobby, there were also some that would serve meat, and instead, it seemed that works of art made with the bones of animals were lionized.

It was a complete paradise.

Shera gazed at the country of the Elves and muttered.

"Everyone looks like they're depressed."

—Eh? With this?

Diablo couldn't see it as anything but an elegant NEET lifestyle though.

The elite Elves nodded.

"Yes.....With the death of His Majesty, it feels as though the flower have lost their color, the instruments have lost their sound, and the butterflies have lost their wings. However, now that Shera-sama has returned, I am sure that everyone will regain their energy."

"It would be nice if they did."

"Will you be going on an adventure again?"

"Yup!"

Shera said something that was hard to say without hesitation.

The elite spoke in choked voices.

"In, in regards to that matter, we will talk later on.....Right now, let us go to the Queen."

"Kaa-san, is she well?"

"With the death of His Majesty, the one who has been most dispirited is the Queen. Please cheer her up somehow."

"I see—."

After that, she asked about Rem and the others. They confirmed it with the Elves that were on lookout, but it seemed that they had not arrived yet. Since they seem to be lost in the forest, I want you to search for them—is what Shera

asked them to do.

Even though Rafleisha said that she would be able to guide them, could there have been some sort of trouble?

He was worried but.....

Leaving the search to the Elves who were well versed with the forest, he decided to meet with the Queen first.

Shera headed to an especially tall huge tree.

Diablo tried to go there too.

However, the guards that protected the king's living room came to block his path.

"Halt. Only Elves are allowed to walk past here—That is the law that God had decided upon in the era of legends."

"Ahh, come to think of it, there was that kind of setting, wasn't there. There is a test of strength, right? Against the country's best Archer or something."

It was the MMORPG Cross Reverie's main story.

After winning in the test of ability, the princess is kidnapped by a Demonic Being, and a Rescue Quest starts. Even if it was called a Demonic Being, it was only an underling though.

The Elven guards flinched. It seemed that they knew of Diablo's ability as well.

"N, no, a test of strength would be....."

"In that case, do not obstruct me. You are mere escorts. If you take foolish actions, then I might turn this land into scorched earth!"

"Uugh....."

Looks of fear rose to their faces.

—This is it! This is the proper response towards my Demon King role play! Recently, Rem and Shera had grown accustomed to it, and even if Diablo used coercive speech and conduct with them, they would be calm.

Since it wasn't like he wanted to bully them, that in itself was fine but.....As he thought, against a "threatening Demon King", he wanted the response of "scared people".

A role play only exists due to the presence of the correct reaction after all.

"Ku ku ku....."

Shera, who had gone ahead, waved her hand and beckoned him over.

"Diablo—, hurry—. Come on, come on!"

"H, hey.....Do not destroy the atmosphere."

While saying his complaint, he chased after her with a quick pace.

Part 5

Footholds were constructed around the huge tree. However, they only had a width of about 30 centimeters. In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, they were much wider, and even when using them, one wouldn't fall off (one could fall off at first, but that was fixed later with an update).

—A Demon King that fell from the footholds, that would be the lamest thing ever.

Diablo secretly poured magical power into his boots, the 《Empty Sky's Dance》. If he flew, there was no worry of falling.

In order to maintain his majesty, he wouldn't spare MP.

They climbed up to the highest point of the tree.

That was where the royalty's living room was.

Right now, it was only the Queen.

The peak of the huge tree was flat, and was wide enough that several people could be seated there. Branches that made a shape like a crown fenced the circumference.

A woman who sat on top of a carpet of leaves doing nothing was there. She wore a green dress, and although her attire was different, her face really resembled Shera's. A Shera that turned into an adult, going from a beautiful girl to a beautiful woman—it was that sort of feeling.

Also, the size of their chests were different. Appropriate for Elves, she was flat-chested.

Shera raised her voice.

"Kaa-san!"

"Eh? Shera.....? If it isn't Shera!"

"Waa～n, Kaa-san!!"

"Dear, if you were coming home, at least send me a letter saying so. Your mother hasn't prepared anything at all."

"Awa—, sorry. There were a lot of serious things going on. At the Church, things went boom, and bang! And then, I went batankyuu^[1]!"

"Is that so? That must have been terrible. Kaa-san has also had it hard.....Oh, that's right, Tou-san died. It was so surprising."

"Un, I was surprised—. Kaa-san, are you alright?"

"I'm not fine, but after about ten years, I will get used to it. I was together with him for a hundred years after all."

"That's true, you'll get used to it."

"Ah, I have some fruits. You'll eat, right? Also, I knitted some clothes for you."

"I'll eat, I'll eat. Eh—, Kaa-san's knitted clothes huh....."

"What, do you not like them?"

"The place around the chest, it's never enough—."

"It's your fault for growing big in a weird place. I wonder who you take after."

"That's true but—."

On a wooden plate, there were grapes and apples lined up.

Suddenly, the Queen turned her gaze towards Diablo.

"Ara, who might you be?"

"Now you notice!"

He completely felt the uncomfortability of stepping into someone else's home.

Putting it bluntly, he wanted to leave.

However, there was also the matter with Prince Kiira. He thought that it would be dangerous to separate from Shera.

Starting over, he introduced himself.

"My name is Diablo! I am a Demon King of another world!"

"My! So you are Diaboro-san. It seems that you are helping Shera all the time."

"Eh, well....."

"Ara ara, it's true—. Just as Selsio told me, you are a terrifying person. Ah, have some fruits."

This slightly off feeling.

—I see, she really is Shera's mother!

He strangely consented to that.

Shera sat down on the leaves and took some grapes from the plate.

"Hamu hamu.....Diablo is scary, but he's really kind! He's always saving me."

"Is that so. That's great, isn't it. But, it seems that Selsio and the others were seriously injured though?"

"That was, Nii-san had....."

"Ah—.....Kiira too, huh? I wonder why he tried to have a war with the Humans?"

The Queen breathed a sigh.

She looked like she conducted herself cheerfully, but she had lost two sons and her husband. It was only natural for her to be in low spirits.

Not to mention, Elves lived long lives, so both birth and death were rare for them.

The Queen returned to having a smile.

"But, this is great! Shera, you came back home. If you get married, your partner will become the king of the Elves. You remember that, don't you?"

"Although I didn't completely forget about it, I remembered that just a little while ago! The Greenwood Kingdom will be in big trouble if there isn't a king, right?"

"That's right—. It is because the king is there that the forest's blessings do not wither, and the treasured article entrusted to us from God is protected."

"If I get married, will I be the queen?"

"You'll be just like Kaa-san. At that time, I will be the Queen Dowager. Arara, I wonder if I'll get used to it?"

Shera breathed a sigh.

"I.....The truth is, I still want to go on adventures. There is something I need to do after all. But, if a king is needed....."

"Ara ara, is that so? Isn't that fine?"

"Hoeh?"

The Queen said something unexpected.

"You're still young, so I think that it's fine if you go on adventures or anything."

"Yay—!! Thank you, Kaa-san!"

To be honest, Diablo found it anticlimactic. Even though he was on guard thinking that they might confine her with brute force and make her get married against her will.

He felt relief and exhaustion from how she was allowed to go so easily.

The Queen talked with a smile.

"It's fine if you go out on adventures. But get married, okay? Your partner has been decided after all."

"Eh!?"

"He is a person whose lineage and personality are splendid. You will definitely be pleased with him. Shera, you had played together with him as a child after all."

"W, who? Or rather, even if I were to get married, my partner would....."

"Ara? Do you have someone?"

Shera extended her hand.

She grabbed onto the edge of Diablo's mantle.

Seeming to have sensed various things, the Queen talked gently.

"Greenwood is a country of Elves, you know? It needs to have a king that everyone can consent to, see?"

"But....."

"We have been entrusted with an important thing from God in the era of legends. In exchange, we received a blessed forest. The things that God decided at that time, although I taught it to you many times, Shera, you are really bad at memorizing things. I wonder who you take after.—It was to not put an end to the royal family's lineage. That the one of that bloodline, or their husband would become king. That the king would offer their prayers to God. Erm..... There were also several other things but these were the important ones, you know?"

He thought that Shera's inability to remember things was undoubtedly due to her lineage.

Why would God entrust that "important thing" or whatever to this family lineage?

He suspected that it was a selection mistake though.

"I properly remember that! If that is the rule, then it's fine even if the king isn't an Elf, right!?"

"The king of the country of Elves should be an Elf. If that weren't the case, it wouldn't be a country of Elves anymore, you know?"

The Queen said that with a tone that said it was extremely reasonable and without any doubt of it.

Her objection wasn't mistaken. Unfortunately, the one that was saying high-handed demands, was probably Shera.

"But.....I....."

Her voice became quiet.

Being torn between reason and emotion, Diablo’s feelings were complicated. —This has turned into something bothersome. In this other world, there were too many things that couldn’t be solved even with Maximum Magic. He breathed a small sigh.

Translator’s Notes:
[\[1\]](#)

A sound effect for falling asleep immediately, or going out like a light.

Part 6

Around the time the sky turned madder red—
Diablo was sitting alone with Shera on tree roots for chairs.

"Haa~, what should I do."

Shera held her head in her hands.

"For it to be no good if they're not an Elf—"

"That thing where you said "since I've properly thought about it, it's perfect" in front of the Dark Elves, what was it?"

She dropped her shoulders, and it felt like her long ears drooped down more than usual.

"Well.....In the Greenwood Kingdom, a king is absolutely needed, and to choose a new king, I would need to marry them, right?"

"You aren't mistaken up to that point."

"That's why, erm.....if, I chose you, Diablo, see?"

There were too many things to retort on!

"If the king of the Elves were a Demon, then there would surely be many that would not consent to that. There was even an objection to it from the Queen."

"Uuu~"

"To begin with, even among the other people of the Races, Demons are detested beings you know."

It was only a setting in the game, but in this other world, he clearly felt the discrimination.

"Un."

"It might be different if they were Human though."

"That would be even worse. With Humans, although there are a great number of them and dominate the Races, they aren't satisfied with just their own country and want the land of other races. They are hated because they are greedy."

"Then, what about the other races? What image to most of the Elves have of them?"

"Nn—. Since I've made friends with various races, I don't really think this way

but—Demons had strong hatred, Humans are greedy, Dwarves are gluttonous drunkards, and Grasswalkers are lazy."

"Fumu.....What about Pantherians?"

"Erm....."

Shera looked left and right, and after she confirmed that no one was there, she brought her lips close to Diablo's ear. All while her cheeks were dyed a bit red.

".....That they're lewd."

"O, ou."

Then, are Elves arrogant? Is what he thought as he remembered Prince Kiira. Elves were appraised as being the closest to the Divine Beings, and were given treasured articles and blessed forests from God. That was the truth, but he also had a hate for self-overconfidence.

Diablo shrugged his shoulders.

"If you understand that much, why did you think that the Elves would recognize someone of another race as king?"

"Uuu.....I thought that it was a good idea—."

"Also, w, without even consulting me....."

"I mean, it's because I want to stay together with you, Diablo."

"Eh....."

Being told that so straightforwardly, he was reflexively surprised.

Although he felt that she was relying on him as a companion, to think it was something like a relationship between a man and a woman.....Not to mention that she thought of him as a partner for marriage.

Shera stared at him.

She had such a serious face that he was impressed and thought "so she can make this kind of expression", but her cheeks were flushed despite that.

"Diablo, do you, not want to be together with me?"

".....I....."

There was no way he would not want to.

However, he also couldn't choose her as his sole spouse.

What he didn't understand the most was his own feelings.

He didn't have the leeway to think about it up until now.

His original self isn't even able to converse with other people properly. It took his all to not expose his original self, so something like feelings of love were.....

"Oi, you!?"

There was a man's shout.

The sound of metal armor could be heard.

Diablo had his consciousness pulled out from the bottom of his deep ravine of thoughts.

The Elves did not wear metal armor. Even the female Dark Elf Warrior used leather armor.

In other words, there was someone other than the Elves here.

Gashan gashan An armor figured Warrior came running.

Diablo held the dagger, the 《Garuda Edge》 in his hand, and stood up from the tree root.

"Stop right there. Who are you?"

"Ooh! So it really was my good friend!"

"Good friend you say?"

The man held up one hand with a friendly attitude.

"That's right! Hey there to you too, Shera-chan! You were lonely not being able to meet with me, weren't you?"

"Erm.....Who are you?"

She tilted her head.

The armor figured man made a loud laughter.

"Ha ha ha! It would seem that the two of you don't get it due to my new, super cool armor!"

Going "Well then", he took off his helmet.

The young man with bright orange hair and thick eyebrows that looked like he had strong determination showed his white teeth that seemed to shine and expressed a smile.

He even made a pose.

"My name is Emil Byushelbeljel! I am the ally of all women! I am also the ally to allies of women!"

Diablo pressed down on his forehead and thought.

"Ah.....ahh, hold on for a moment.....Come to think of it.....In Faltra City.....It feels like this kind of thing was there?"

Shera averted her gaze.

"Even though I finally forgot about him....."

These were harsh reactions, but Emil was exceedingly positive.

"Fufu, for you to have forgotten about my great self, it seems you've spent your time in a really dense manner. Enough that several days could feel like several hundred years! As expected of you, my good friend!"

"You are the same as usual, aren't you."

Emil was the owner of a steel mentality. Unbreakable, unbendable, and unyielding.

That man, he went and breathed a sigh.

"As usual.....huh. That isn't really the case, you know? I noticed my own limits. Having lost to the Demonic Being Gregor, and having seen your intense magic with my own eyes, I had a thought—That staying like this is no good."

"So that is your reason for being in the Greenwood Kingdom."

"I was told by my Shishou, to expand my horizons! So now I am studying under a person called the master swordsman Graham who lives in the northern mountains."

Diablo reacted.

"What!? Graham is also in this other world!?"

"Nn? What do you mean.....by that?"

"Ah, no....."

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, there were walls in leveling up. Unless one cleared a specific event, they couldn't grow any more than that.

And even among them, what was particularly difficult to breakthrough was level 99—the wall that was called the limit of the people of the Races.

By meeting with the Shishou of their Class, going around to the countries of every Race, and accomplishing a specific quest, they would finally surpass that limit.

Being more than level 100 was a different world.

Master swordsman Graham should be the Shishou of the Warrior-types.

"However, you shouldn't be able to meet with him unless you were more than level 80 though?"

"Is that so? Well then, my great current self must be level 80 then!"

"You irresponsible fellow."

"It's fine, my great self judges the level of Warrior-type Adventurers. If my great self says that I am level 80, then I am level 80!"

Regarding this other world's levels, it was used as a criterion for what level of quest could be left to a person, and was something that someone superior acknowledges.

Emil's speech and conduct seemed idiotic, but in terms of ability, he was the number one Warrior-type Adventurer in Faltra City.

And yet, he lost to even an underling Demonic Being.

The Adventurers of Faltra City had such low levels that Diablo was astonished by them.

What about now?

"Kukuku.....Let me see, let me try your ability."

"What?"

Diablo aimed at chest decoration on Emil's armor with the dagger he had in his hand.

However, he felt an invisible wall in front of him.

The dagger was flicked back.

Just before it touched him, it were as if he had hit a hard rock.

"Hou! So it was the Martial Art, 《Iron Wall》!?"

"Fu.....I won't be done in so easily like in the past!"

When they first met, since Emil tried to use a technique that was filled with openings, Diablo sent him flying with his staff.

As he was now, Diablo probably couldn't win against him with normal attacks anymore. He certainly has grown.

"You have done pretty well, in this short time."

"I suffered quite a bit. First, my great self challenged the Faltra Feudal Lord, Lord Galford!"

"What did you say!?"

Galford was a hero of the previous war, and unfolded a fight where he was close to equal to Diablo.

Among the Warrior-type people of the Races, isn't he the strongest?

No, Allen and the commander of the 《Royal Palace Chivalric Order》 that he met in the royal capital were unknown but.....there shouldn't be a great difference.

He was that strong of a person. Enough that he would instant kill the Demonic Being Gregor.

Moreover, his personality was cool-headed.

If Emil challenged him, he didn't think that Emil would return alive.

"I cannot admire lies."

"Believe me, good friend!? I mean, sure, the difference in our abilities were incredible. However, even if I was done in, I received healing from my companions, and while I challenged him over and over, I got the hang of it! It's true!"

"Hou....."

"Even the guys that told me to not do something so dangerous and stopped me at first, after I challenged him almost everyday, they ended up accompanying me in my practice.....Companions really are the best."

He seemed idiotic, but he was surprisingly popular.

Emil put up one finger.

"And then, my great self grew!"

Shera was surprised.

"That's amazing, did you win once!?"

"That's impossible! To win against Lord Galford, you'd have to be as good as my good friend here, wouldn't you!?"

"Ah, then, your attack hit once, or something?"

"Close! My great self was able to block an attack only once!"

"Heh—"

"No no, that's amazing, you know, Shera-chan? Lord Galford is too fast, that you can't even see his sword at first."

Diablo had a thought.

—Galford held antipathy for Adventurers. For him to accept Emil's challenges despite that, was it in order to prepare for the fight against the Demon King Army?

At the very least, his effort of wanting to improve the war potential could be seen.

Emil grinned.

"Having shown growth, my great self received Lord Galford's referral, and visited Master Swordsman Graham.....So now I am on a journey to travel about and gain skill in combat!"

"Wasn't he just handing a parasite off to someone else?"

"Ha ha ha! There's no way that's the case. It just means that everyone is

expecting great things of my talent!"

His mentality was strong as usual.

Enough that he wanted him to teach him about the source of that baseless self-confidence.

As they were chatting, some young Elf boys holding small bows came running.

"Emil-san, the preparations are done—Ah, Shera-sama!"

Noticing her, they panicked and bowed.

And seeing Diablo, they also made frightened expressions.

Shera amiably raised one hand.

"It's been a while, everyone. Are you going somewhere with Emil?"

"Yes! He seems to be going on a Demonic Beast hunt, so we will be guiding him."

"Demonic Beasts!? It's already night you know!?"

"It won't come out from its den unless it's night." is what another young boy said.

"So that's how it is—. Be careful, okay?"

"Thank you very much! Ah, um.....Welcome back, Shera-sama!"

"Un."

She seemed to be quite adored.

Emil put on his armored helmet.

"Ossha! We're going on a hunt! See ya later, Shera-chan, good friend!!"

"Good luck—."

Shera waved her hand and saw them off.

The young boys said things like "Emil-san, you're so close to Shera-sama, that's amazing!" as they talked with Emil.

So the Demonic Beast hunt was a part of his quest to break through the limit.

Even if it was called a Demonic Beast, since there was nothing but small-types around, it probably won't be a problem with his abilities.

Diablo made a thin smile.

".....Eventually, he might become a reliable vanguard."

Part 7

The moon was suspended in the sky.

Having turned into night, Rem and the others were finally brought along.

Looking exhausted, Rem dropped her shoulders. Rose was expressionless as usual, but her maid clothes were torn even more.

As for Rafleisha, although she was composed, she was surrounded by Elves with their bows turned towards her.

Shera hurriedly ran over.

So as to protect her from the Elves, she spread out both arms and became a shield.

"What are you doing!?"

"It, it's dangerous, Shera-sama! That person, she is a Dark Elf!"

"She is a fellow Elf! She's a companion!"

"Did you say companion!?"

The soldiers went into an uproar.

Hearing the uproar, the Queen expressly came over.

"Shera's company, is a Dark Elf?"

Rafleisha courteously made a bow.

"Good day to you. It has been a while."

"You are!? Rafleisha S Orangewood.....Why, are you here.....!?"

The Queen's voice trembled.

They had expected this, but it wasn't a favorable reaction.

Maybe because Rafleisha prepared for this, she wasn't agitated at all.

"Hohoho.....Have you not heard of the situation yet? Your daughter's life risking oath—It would be nice if it were carried out."

That's right. So she kept composed since she had an absolute trump card.

The Queen's expression became clouded.

"Shera, I have to talk with you."

"U, un."

After that, she ordered the soldiers.

"Treat Rafleisha-san as a guest, and courteously show her hospitality. I will not

allow any recklessness."

As expected of someone who acted as Queen for a long time, she had an appropriate intimidating air.

The soldiers stood at attention.

And then, the Queen brought Shera along.

Diablo wanted to be with her, but he would be refused with a peremptory attitude.

It bothered him but.....

Since causing turmoil was not his real intention, he restrained himself.

The Elves should also understand Diablo's strength. They probably wouldn't do anything like force Shera to obey them.

After that—

Diablo's group was given a building to borrow.

It wasn't a huge tree, but a residence made of brick that was built normally on the ground.

It was a guest house meant for when races other than Elves came to visit, and was made following the Lifelia Kingdom's style.

However, being a country that was within a forest, there weren't any candlesticks that used fire. A chandelier that used precious stones that dimly shined was hung from the ceiling.

The room's width wasn't all that different from that of a typical inn, and there were only two private rooms. It was like there was a room for the master's use and a room for the servants' use.

Diablo sat down on a sofa in the common room.

"Hmph.....For a guest house of a whole country, it is somewhat small."

Compared to his own room in his original world, it was outrageously spacious though.

".....That, probably just show how rare guests are."

Rem sat down on the sofa opposite of him, and collapsed sideways just like that. Going *Haa～*, she breathed out.

Being an experienced Adventurer, as well as a Pantherian, she had more stamina than others. It was rare for her to be exhausted.

"It seems that you all had gotten quite lost, didn't you?"

Rose lowered her head very deeply at Diablo's words.

"I am terribly sorry, Master. To be of no use at a crucial time.....This Rose is just rubbish. Do as you wish to dispose of me."

"I did not feel any dissatisfaction. I merely asked the details of what had happened."

In place of Rem who looked like she would fall asleep at any moment on top of the sofa and Rose who did nothing but feel ashamed, Rafleisha answered him.

"When we chased after you, Diablo-san, rocks fell from the sky."

"That was my magic."

He recalled that was the 《Heaven's Fall》 that he fired at the Napper.

Rem grumbled while still laying sideways.

".....So, thinking that you and Shera were definitely there, we hurried over, but the forest only became messed up."

"Fumu."

Diablo acted with an attitude of a Demon King listening to the reports of his subordinates but.....in his mind, he realized his own mistake and was holding his head in his hands.

After saving Shera, in order to grasp the location of where they were at the moment as well as search for Rem and the others, they immediately started moving.

Now that he thought about it, since he used such flashy magic, Rem and the others would have come by if they had just waited!

Having many years of playing solo ingrained into him, Diablo was inexperienced with group action even now. Putting it bluntly, he "sucked at gathering".

However, as a Demon King, he needed to preserve his dignity.

"Ah—.....It's that.....Yes, Rafleisha, she had said that she knew. I thought that even if we were separated, then you would surely arrive here."

"I knew it, you know? However, since the forest had become disordered.....The landmarks had also disappeared."

"Landmarks you say?"

"There are trees here and there that only Elves are able to understand."

So even if she knew the way, since the route was blown away, it wasn't unreasonable for her to have gotten lost.

Rem added on to that.

".....As we were wandering about in the forest, the Elves appeared. It would

have been fine if we asked them to guide us here, but they attacked the moment they saw the Dark Elf. The “persuasion” took a lot of time.”

“I had been given the order to avoid killing after all.”

So this was the reason why Rem was exhausted and why the damage to Rose’s maid clothes were so terrible.

Diablo nodded.

“That was an appropriate decision. This place is Shera’s homeland, and it is a somewhat delicate time. It would be fine to show them our ability, but it would become troublesome if we were to kill them.”

“This Rose has a suggestion. Would we not be able to quickly resolve the situation if we display Master’s great power to them once again and have the Elves submit to you? If you grant your command, with their level of war potential, this Rose could annihilate them even if I were solo—”

Stop it!

“Hmph.....You say such folly. What joy would there be in demonstrating my might in a remote region like this? Do you intend on ordering me to do such a chore?”

“I apologize for not having enough discretion.”

Rose lowered her head once again, and stepped back close to the wall.

Rafleisha made a wry smile.

“Hohoho.....That is right. Standing above people, it is a chore.”

Suddenly feeling curious, he tried asking something. It was about something that wasn’t written in the MMORPG Cross Reverie’s setting documents.

“Do the Dark Elves also have an order of succession?”

“Yes, basically. But I.....am only someone who should have been married to the patriarch’s son, and am not of a great lineage.”

“You should have been married?”

“This is a story from my childhood but, I had a fiance.”

“Fumu. And what happened to that man?”

Diablo hadn’t noticed Rafleisha’s artificial smile at all but—Rem was startled and raised her body up.

“.....ツ!?”

“Hohoho.....My fiance was, killed, by the Holy Army. Even though, he was still just a child.”

As expected, even Diablo was at a loss for words.

Rem's eyes turned sharp.

".....You, are you scheming to get revenge on the Elves?"

"Certainly not! I have not thought of something so dreadful."

".....Then, that's fine but.....The Holy Army is a force of the Lifelia Kingdom. I may not know about what happened at that time, but it would be unreasonable to blame the Elves for it."

"Unreasonable?"

".....With the elites of the Lifelia Kingdom as the opponent, the Elves probably couldn't contend against them. It is not that they abandoned the Dark Elves, they merely had no means of going against them."

Rafleisha sank into silence.

Before long, she breathed a sigh.

"I understand. Although it would be a lie if I said that had no ill feelings, since I have been entrusted with the lives of many people—to cast away a rare future where coexistence is possible, that is unthinkable."

"Is that so."

"Due to having come to this forest after such a long time, I had remembered various things.....Even things that did not need to be said. How embarrassing. Please forget it."

Rafleisha smiled with her usual gentle expression.

For now, the talk settled down.

Just as he was thinking that he was starting to want dinner, the entranceway bell rang.

Rem brushed her hair up.

".....Since this is the country of the Elves, I don't have much hope but, I would like to eat meat more than fruits and berries."

It wasn't like there wasn't the possibility that weapons would be turned against him, but timidly being on guard wasn't Demon King-like.

He majestically sat down.

With Rose receiving them, she opened the door.

An Elf wearing butler clothes made a courteous bow.

"Pardon me. The Queen would like to invite all of our guests to a dinner party."

Rem shrugged her shoulders.

".....So she's created the negotiation location."

"Ara ara, to be invited to the Elf Queen's dinner party, I'm getting nervous."

Rafleisha didn't break her composed attitude.

When Diablo stood up from the sofa, he flourished his mantle.

"Kukuku.....Very well. Having been invited, why don't we go. Think of this as an honor!"

Part 8

The dining room up in a tree, it was quite different from what they expected after hearing that it was the Queen's dinner party.

How the apex of the large tree had become flat was the same as the royal family's living room but.....

Large leaves were lined up on the floor.

And on top of those leaves, fruits and berries of various colors were served.

Having no tables or chairs, it was like a picnic.

The Queen and Shera sat down waiting.

Guards couldn't be seen, but they were most likely hidden in the surrounding foliage. If they were to take strange actions, then arrows should come flying.

The Queen pointed at the area around the cuisine with one hand.

"Please, sit wherever you like. You might not be accustomed to Elven etiquette, but please do not mind the minor details."

The "mother of another household"-like atmosphere that she had when he first met her had vanished, and she now had the face of a representative of a country.

Someone that was responsible for something, they had it difficult.

Rem made a courteous greeting.

".....We are grateful for your hospitable treatment and invitation to a dinner party despite our sudden visit."

Rafleisha sat down opposite of the Queen.

"To be surrounded by leaves like this, it truly is nostalgic."

Diablo sat down saying nothing.

For his Demon King role play, he probably should have thrown out a self-important word or two, but if he did that, it would definitely turn into destroying even a coherent conversation with explosion magic.

Unusually, even Shera was silent.

Their gazes connected.

"....."

Even though she had various things she wanted to say, she couldn't put them

into words very well. And even though she was troubled, she couldn't even ask for help—That was the sort of face she was making.

Diablo breathed a sigh.

The discussion might have already been settled, in a form that she didn't wish for.

The Queen held a wooden cup that had fruit wine poured in it in her hand.

"We show thanks for God's blessing and for this meeting. Although we cannot have a toast due to being in mourning, I would be happy if we could have a leisurely chat."

Just like that, she brought the cup to her mouth.

Diablo and the others did the same.

Rem introduced herself.

".....To do this formally, I am called Rem Galeu, an Adventurer of Faltra City. I am acting together with Princess Shera."

"Yes, I have heard some stories. Like how you saved Shera."

".....It is because we are companions. It is only natural to help each other."

The Queen knitted her eyebrows at the word "companion", but she did not fuss over that any more than that. Next, she turned her gaze to Rose who was separated from the circle.

However, royalty did not put servants into the head count.

Rafleisha pulled the trigger.

"Since probing each other's true intentions will make the fruits you kindly prepared bitter, let us do away with the digression and hear it. Princess Shera's promise—will you keep it?"

She suddenly got to the heart of it.

The Queen unexpectedly showed a smile.

"Yes, of course!"

"Ara ara.....What pleasant words!"

"I have also thought about it, you know? Elves and Dark Elves are close races after all, and although various things happened in the past, it would be nice if we got along from now on."

"That sure is true. The past is the past, and the present is now."

"Truly."

"And so? Which area will we receive? And when will it happen?"

She forcefully pressed her.

The Queen made a pensive look.

"Nn—. For the place, let us both send out responsible parties, discuss it, and decide then. As for the time, would it be alright if it happens after the new king is enthroned? Let's have everything decided before the next winter. And with that, in celebration of the reconciliation of the Elves and Dark Elves, I was thinking of holding a festival."

It seemed that Shera also approved of that suggestion. Her expression that had been stiff the whole time loosened up.

The temple of Rafleisha's forehead convulsed while she still had a smiling face pasted on.

".....You are serious, right?"

"Yes."

"Queen, are you saying that you are.....seriously going to keep Princess Shera's promise? I believe that.....the Elves.....that they hate the Dark Elves."

"Most of the Elves, they feel that they want to be on good terms with the Dark Elves. Although I am sure that there are still some that fear them. Even I feel that I would like to reconcile with you all. I mean, we did live peacefully together in the past after all."

Rafleisha clenched her fists.

"In that case, why, at that time.....!?"

"Could you calm down?"

"Why, did the Elves, abandon us!?"

The Queen took a deep breath, and spoke.

"You are talking about the Holy Army, aren't you. He.....The Greenwood King opposed them. But, he didn't win."

"What.....!?"

"With the King taken hostage, we Elves could only obey the Holy Army. Even though we knew that the Dark Elves would go through a bitter experience because of that. I am sorry."

"Wh.....why.....Do you think.....I would believe that.....at this late point in time!?"

"There is no proof. That is why, we weren't believed at that time. Rafleisha-san, is this your first time hearing about this? Although we had told the Dark Elves

several times, they did not believe us the whole time. It is because, in the end, there was no changing the fact that many lives and a lot of the forest were lost."

"Certainly, even now, I do not believe it."

"Even so, if it is possible to reconcile, then I believe that it would be a very good thing to do."

"I can't believe that!"

Rafleisha glared at the Queen.

Although both Shera and Rem revealed feelings of uneasiness, they didn't get in between them.

The silence continued.

Diablo was bad with this sort of atmosphere.

Going "Good grief", he opened his mouth.

"You should calm down, Rafleisha. You are surprisingly emotional, aren't you—The easy-sounding action of "look at the other party", people are actually unable to do so. They first transcribe what is in themselves onto the other party, and look at that—They are unable to anything but that. That is why, if your heart is dyed in hatred, the other party will be reflected as also harboring hatred."

"Are you saying that, it was our subjective impression?"

"When you were burning with resentment to the point that you thought that you would not forget it for a thousand years, did you ever think "the other party didn't have any ill will"? If you could not consider that possibility, then you surely cannot be said to have a presence of mind. Of course, it seems that there is no proof for the Queen's words. The story that the Elven King fought but lost—Whether you believe that or not is up to you. You should do as you like." This problem, in the end, was on the Dark Elf side. It was about how they would take it, and how they would move.

It probably wouldn't be settled with Diablo's words who was an outsider. He was self-aware that he was not that skilled in the art of conversation.

Rafleisha stood up.

She made a dry laughter.

"Ha, haha.....The things that we lost were too great, and we became unable to see what was around us.....Is that how it is? Not possessing ears to listen, and

doing nothing but bearing resentment.....?"

The Queen talked sounding apologetic.

"So this means that you had resented us that much. I am sorry. But, I am waiting for the time where we can get along, you know? And then, right now, you have surely changed."

"Changed?"

"When I heard that Shera had gone to the Dark Elf village, I was truly surprised. I mean, if it were in the past, you would have shot her after simply seeing her figure, right?"

".....Yes."

"Then this means that time has passed."

"This sure is a pathetic story. So in the end, it was our misunderstanding."

"It is a fact that we had we had forsaken the Dark Elves. I think that it cannot be helped if you felt bitter towards us, you know?"

"However, the Greenwood King had....."

Fought for the sake of the Dark Elves.

Rafleisha close her eyes, and for a short time, she kept silent. That might have been a silent prayer.

".....I have come to yearn the wind a bit. Since my talks have finished, I will excuse myself ahead of you all. Although it seems that Princess Shera has a marriage partner in mind.....To speak of it with my position in all of this, then that would surely make the relationship between our races worse after all." It seems that she had been watchful of even Shera's state. That part of her, as expected of a leader of a race.

The Queen leaned her body forward.

"Rafleisha-san, I am glad that we were able to talk."

"Your earlier story.....I will believe it. I want to believe it, that is how I feel."

"Thank you. Shera's marriage will be carried out in a few days. Could you come and celebrate it?"

"Of course."

Rafleisha turned her back to her and started walking.

While seeing her off, Rem let out a sigh.

".....Now that the Demon King has awakened, there is a need for all of the people of the Races to cooperate and fight against him. If this has turned into a

step towards that, then that is great."

"It would be nice if the negotiations go that smoothly though."

Rather, the real thing started from here.

Part 9

In any race, there is what is called beauty and ugliness by individuals. It seemed that Elves were no exception.

"I am quite thankful for being invited to the dinner party."

The man that appeared with a viscous voice, was more of an Orc than an Elf. A pig.

At any rate, he was fat.

When Diablo wondered who he was, the Queen beckoned him over.

"Sit, sit."

"Dufufufu.....Why thank you, excuse me."

He was a man that had a peculiar and greasy way of speaking. Elves had nothing but beautiful forms and looked young, but this guy was a middle-aged ossan (old man).



While wiping the sweat that rose to the surface of his skin with a handkerchief,

the man sat down next to the Queen.

Rem expressed a complicated expression.

".....U, um.....Who might, that person be?"

Expressing a whole faced smile, the Queen answered.

"This person is Durango. Shera's husband that I have chosen! The next Greenwood King!"

"Haaaaa—!?"

Rem's eyes went round.

Shera's face went pale.

The Queen wasn't perturbed.

"Durango is an excellent Elf. He is the kingdom's best if he uses a bow, he has studied economics and politics outside, and above all, he looks sturdy, doesn't he?"

".....Is that the Elves' aesthetic sense?"

"I suppose it is a slightly unique face."

".....Shera, what do you think!?"

"Auwau."

Shera shook her head side-to-side. Fortunately or unfortunately, it seemed that Shera's aesthetic sense didn't resemble her mothers.

The Queen breathed a sigh.

"That's no good. Putting aside if it was another Elf, Shera, to think that you wanted to make a Demon the king. There is no way everyone would consent to that, right?"

".....Demon.....Did you mean Diablo!? Did you really plan on marrying him, Shera!? To make him the Elven King!?"

The fur of Rem's tail stood on end right even to the tip of it.

Come to think of it, he didn't tell her of these circumstances.

Forgetting that she was in front of the Queen, Rem showed her fangs.

"Are you stupid!? No, you are stupid!"

"So mean."

Rem pointed her finger at Shera who muttered that.

"Is that your "since I've properly thought about it, it's perfect"!? It wasn't properly at all, and not even a fragment of it was perfect!"

"Uuu.....I mean....."

Rem held her own head in her hands.

".....AAAaaa.....How incredibly—Queen, how does this sound? Could you delay the marriage for a bit? Shera is still young, and her way of thinking is too insufficient."

"Yes, I was thinking that she is still young. She is only fifteen years old after all. But the Greenwood Kingdom requires a king immediately. It is a promise with God after all. For the sake of keeping the promise with the Dark Elves as well, she needs to get married quickly."

".....Endure for the sake of the country, is it?"

"Isn't that only natural? That is what royalty is after all. A life where she doesn't know hardship, a gifted education in childhood, and carrying a national treasure-class armor, all of it is due to being royalty. Since she was given preferential treatment ever since she was born, she isn't allowed to be selfish at this point."

"But Shera hadn't chosen that at all....."

"Do people born to poor families choose that? What about the children of knights? The children of farmers? Did you choose to be born a Pantherian?"

"N, no....."

"A princess has a princess' life. And more importantly, since Shera is now the only one that carries the Greenwood royal family's blood, she needs to fulfill her responsibility."

This other world, although it has demi-human races and magic, its fundamental culture level is in the Middle Ages. It was a feudal era. Orders of succession are standard.

People's lives are decided by birth.

—Well, even in the modern society of my original world, a person's life is influenced by their environment though.

Remembering this and that, Diablo entered social isolation mode for a little while. Sealing off the dark past that started to gush out, when his consciousness returned, the conversation had already reached a point where they could pause.

Durango summarized the conversation.

"Dufufufu.....As for me, I have no intention of pressuring her into this. However, there is no mistake that the Greenwood Kingdom needs a King after all. There is

no other way around it."

The Elves depend on the forest's blessings. And then, the forest's blessings are granted by keeping the promise with God.

A king is required.

Shera talked as if she were groaning.

"But, he can become king even if he isn't an Elf....."

"I told you that is no good, didn't I!?"

Bishari Being scolded by her mother, Shera heartbrokenly dropped her shoulders.

Durango shifted the topic.

"By the way, about that choker."

"Ah."

Shera placed a hand at her neck, and her cheeks dyed red.

The Queen breathed a sigh.

"I have heard the story from Selsio. Somehow, this girl got a 《Slave Choker》 attached to her, you know?"

"You're wrong! It's a 《Slavery Choker》! After summoning Diablo, with his Magic Reflection, it went bachi—n, then gasha—n!"

"It's the same either way. But as you can see, it looks like she hasn't been given any strange orders, and since I think it can be removed with one of the treasured articles, don't worry about it, Durango-san."

—The Elves treasured articles huh.

Prince Kiira said something similar. Something pretty powerful is probably dormant among them.

Durango muttered.

"Used huh."

"Eh?"

"Ah, no, I am not bothered by it! Errm.....We can also tell what kind of orders were given, if we do a careful investigation, right? Merely, since it will stand out during the marriage ceremony.....Excuse me for a bit."

He changed his seat and sat down next to Shera.

He extended a hand to the nape of her neck.

Shera instinctively twisted her body and tried to run away, but maybe because she thought it would definitely be rude, she froze up.

Durango touched the 《Slavery Choker》.

"Fumu fumu.....Well now, this is amazing! This is surely something that can't be taken off in just a day or two!"

"O, of course it isn't—. Even Diablo has a hard time with it after all."

"However, at the time of the wedding, the citizens will feel anxious with this on. In that case, let us do this. —O light and wind, conceal it. Reflect what thou should be."

Durango muttered a chant, and snapped his fingers.

As if it were a magic trick, Shera's 《Slavery Choker》 vanished.

—It was dispelled!?

The one that half-rose to their feet was Rem.

"No way!?"

Since she was one of the people that knew the best just how difficult dispelling this choker is, it wasn't unreasonable for her to raise such a loud voice.

Of course, even Diablo was surprised.

However, if he were to show his inner astonishment on his face, his Demon King role play would collapse. He responded with an attitude filled with composure.

"You can do some interesting things, can't you, Durango or whatever."

"For Princess Shera's sake, I thought that it would be better like this. In contrast to a powerful magic tool, since I merely cast Concealment Magic, it is unstable though."

"Hmph....."

He laughed scornfully.

—I see, so it was Concealment Magic.

It seemed that he didn't terminate the choker, but merely made it invisible.

Even so, his skill with magic seemed to be quite substantial.

Since there wasn't any magic that could "conceal equipment" in the MMORPG Cross Reverie, Diablo didn't know about it.

Rem opened her eyes wide.

".....I can't believe this.....There is no mistake that that is extremely sophisticated magic."

"Dufufufu.....In terms of magical power, although I do not have that much of it, I have been a bit skilful with it since birth, as embarrassed as I am to admit it."

"He's amazing, isn't he—."

The Queen was greatly delighted by how the candidate for the next king that she herself had chosen had demonstrated that he was quite skilled. Diablo felt a discomposed feeling in his heart.

Chapter 5: The Elven Treasured Articles

Part 1

The next day—

Maybe because they had slept late at night, it was already past noon when he woke up.

Comforting sounds could be heard.

When he raised the upper half of his body on the bed, Rem, who had slept next to him, rubbed her eyes.

"Nya.....nn.....Ah, good morning, Diablo."

"Umu"

".....For some reason, it is bustling, isn't it?"

"We'll probably know the reason if we ask Shera."

There was no way that a princess who was about to be married would be allowed to sleep in the same room with another man. Shera wanted to act together with Diablo's group like she had done up until now, but she should have slept together with the Queen last night.

Rose stood alongside the wall.

She did not require sleep, and obtained magical power from Diablo.

"Good morning, My Master. Please give this Rose any sort of order you wish."

"Umu. What is this uproar?"

"I shall do away with them and have them quiet down."

"That is not what I meant."

A knock could be heard.

Rose opened the door to their private room.

Rafleisha the Dark Elf raised one hand.

"Good morning, everyone. After hearing your speaking voices, I thought that you all had woken up. Hohoho.....For Adventurers, you sure are late risers."

"Hmph.....A Demon King cannot move so easily. Indulging in indolence is also one of my responsibilities."

"Meals have been prepared. Have you still not slept enough?"

Going "I will have it!", Rem slipped out from the bed. Diablo also put on his clothes and moved to the common room.

They surrounded the table.

As usual, the meal was nothing but fruits.

He did think that they were delicious, but he was impressed that the Elves didn't get tired of them.

Rafleisha, who sat on the opposite side of him, placed her breasts on the table with a *dosun*.

"Ara, this in itself is quite comfortable. I wonder if they could put it in my room, this thing called a teibul."

"So they really are heavy."

"Hohoho.....Want to try lifting them? They totally are."

"Totally!?"

Diablo involuntarily leaned forward.

Rem turned cold eyes towards him.

".....*Jito* (Stare)"

"Master....."

He felt an uncommon negative aura from Rose as well.

Although he regretted it, Diablo used all of his might to scornfully laugh and pretend that he wasn't interested.

"H, hmph.....I have absolutely no interest. I am a Demon King after all!"

Rem turned her gaze outside.

".....By the way, what is that uproar? Is it something that happens everyday in the Elven country?"

"The singing and dancing are usual things. But, that is probably special. It is in celebration for the wedding after all."

".....What do you mean by wedding?"

"Of course, Princess Shera's. It seems that the ceremony will happen the day after tomorrow but.....Did you not know about it? The Elves here and there have been speaking of it, you know?"

"It is that quickly!?"

The arrangements for even a normal wedding would take close to a year. Even if it was sped up, it would take about three months. It wouldn't be strange for the wedding of royalty to have a preparatory period of several years. Not to mention that Elves lived long lives.

"Half a month has already passed since the king's death. What do you think

would happen if you didn't water a flowering plant for half a month?"

".....Is that a reason to hurry it up? What a ridiculous story. Shera's life isn't just water for gardening."

"Hohoho.....It is because leaders and slaves are similar. For the sake of the livelihood of the citizens, they seek out things to sacrifice themselves for, and are not allowed to run away."

".....But this is way too hasty. Even if it is for the sake of the forest."

"It might not just be that, right?"

".....I do not know many details about the Elves. Rafleisha-sama, could you please tell me what you know?"

She placed both of her hands on her oversized breasts, and then put her well-shaped chin on top of that.

"Since I am not an Elf either, I have nothing but stories I heard from long ago though."

"I do not mind."

"I have heard rumors that the Greenwood Kingdom was entrusted with an important thing from God, and that they have been protecting it all this time. And that the existence of the king was essential for that."

"An important thing.....is it."

Diablo bit into a fruit, chewed it, and then swallowed.

And then, he stood up from his seat.

"We will get nowhere with nothing but guesses and hearsay. Let us get an explanation from Shera and the Queen. I do not know if they will agree to that though."

Part 2

Shera guided them through the forest and they walked.

To Diablo's group who had visited the royal family living room to ask about the situation, she said this.

"I have something I want to tell you, and something I want to show you, so could you come along with me?"

For about one hour, they advanced through the dark green view.

What they arrived at was a mound of large piled up stones.

Could it be something like an Elven stone monument? Vines crawled about it, moss grew on it, and it could be inferred that many long years had passed.

"It's over here....."

Shera, who unusually did not have a smile, went around to the back of the mound.

There was a stone door.

There was a design carved into the door. It was hard to distinguish due to the moss that covered the surface, but it was a shape that they recognized.

—Is it the same Holy Symbol that Lumachina's Church carries?

When Shera placed her hands on it, the stone door opened surprisingly easily to the left and right contrary to its old outward appearance.

There as a staircase that went underground.

It was similar to Diablo's own dungeon, the 《Demon King's Labyrinth》 that he made in his own personal space.

By some chance, could it be an Elven dungeon? Would monsters come out? Just in case, he held the 《Tonnerre Empereur》 in his hand.

They descended the stairway.

It was dark.

After checking with Shera, he used 《Light》.

Underground—

Rectangular stones that looked like bricks were laid down without any gaps.

This was not a natural cave, and was clearly a manmade structure.

It was quite spacious. If he were to fire a magic with strong might in a closed space, the effect would reach even them, but it looked like it would be fine if he used a bit of it in here.

Diablo unconsciously ended up wanting to try confirming the thing that he didn't need to think about in the game.

The ceiling had arches drawn into it, and they were also delicately made of stone. Unlike the outside, the inside did not have vines and moss spread out on it.

When they lowered their gazes alongside the wall of the room, oblong stones were lined up. They went to about knee height. It felt like they were a bit too low for workbenches. What could they be used for?

Rem looked up at the ceiling.

".....This feels a bit surprising, doesn't it? I thought that tree roots would be the ceiling since it was a building of the Elves."

"So that means that this might not be a building that the Elves built."

"Eh? But wouldn't that be strange, Diablo? This place is deep in the Greenwood Kingdom."

"Umu. Or maybe—"

The map designer's way of thinking was poor—is what he was about to say, but then he noticed that joke wouldn't get through to her.

Since it resulted in a cool direction of "stopping in the middle of saying some meaningful words", he decided to go with it.

Rose, who followed behind him, was silent.....Or rather, she always saw nothing but Diablo.

Rafleisha turned her gaze to the back of the underground room.

The light of the Magic 《Light》 didn't reach it, but she had night vision.

"It might be just as Diablo-san says?"

"Do you see something?"

"There is God's Holy Symbol on the wall at the back as well. Not only that, the Greenwood Kingdom's crest isn't anywhere in this place."

If this was a place that the Elves built, they should have put their own mark on it. For example, in Faltra City's chapel, there was not only the Holy Symbol, the Lifelia Kingdom's flag was also put up.

"Could it be that you are saying that God created it?"

In this other world, many of God's traces remained. Diablo should probably think of it as a different existence from the God of the world that he was originally at.

Shera nodded.

"Un, I was told that this is a place that God created."

".....The Grand Chapel's Inner Court in the royal capital was also said to be like that."

"Looks like it—"

".....Does that mean that this place is a chapel to the Elves? Is this the place the wedding will happen?"

So after resolving herself for the wedding, in order to indicate that, Shera expressly brought them to this kind of place.

She shook her head left and right.

"You're wrong—. Elven weddings are done in a brighter place. In the plaza that is at the country's best tree, everyone has fun singing, dancing, and eating, and everyone is happy."

".....In that case, what is this place?"

"It's a tomb."

Diablo felt something cold go down his spine.

He sent his gaze around to the surroundings.

Oblong stones were lined up alongside the wall. He thought that they might be workbenches or long tables but.....

They were boxes with Holy Symbols carved into them.

In other words, those were stone coffins.

Shera said that they were the tombs of successive generations of the royal family.

Going in front of one of the coffins, she put her hands together.

Unlike the surrounding stone coffins, this one was covered with brand new black cloth. It was the king that had died—Shera's father.

Having realized that, Rem also put her hands together, and Rafleisha also did the same.

Diablo closed his eyes, and prayed that he had happiness in the next world in his mind.

Shera raised her head, and wiped her eyes.

"Haa—.....I was finally able to visit his grave—. Thank you, everyone. This was my number one objective, but it feels like we went through quite the detour."

".....It certainly did turn into a situation where it wasn't possible. Could you tell us now?"

"Er—m, it's not like I intend on hiding anything you know? It's just, I don't really know where I should start talking from."

".....I know that your memory, judgement, and explaining ability are inferior to that of a mouse."

"So mean!?"

Rem breathed a sigh.

She made a suggestion with a pensive look on her face.

".....Why don't we put things in order for a bit. The Demon King Krebskrum's soul was sealed within me. Through a certain ceremony, a majority of it came out—This is, something that both Diablo and Shera know."

Confirming that, they nodded.

However, the fact that Krum who had turned into a hungry little girl was in Faltra City was kept a secret to the Greenwood Queen and Rafleisha. It was because they would lose their current lifestyle if it was told to the Lifelia King. Rem continued.

"A faint amount of the Demon King that was sealed within me was left behind.....And there was the possibility that the release of those remains could become the start of an awakening. At that time, we received a letter from Celes saying that—Ceremony Magic that could resolve the problem was handed down among the Dark Elves."

"Though, for that part, since I was asleep with an illness, I don't really get it."

".....You probably don't need the finer details. At any rate, we visited the village of the Dark Elves.....And through Rafleisha-sama's Ceremony Magic, we finally succeeded in completely taking the Demon King's soul out from within me!"

Rem strengthened her tone. It was that big of a matter for her. She placed a hand on a pouch at her waist. The 《Divine Crystal》 that sealed the Demon King's soul was in there.

".....However, the promise that Shera made for the sake of that had invited a complicated situation. Now then, let's summarize that."

"Having the Elves and the Dark Elves get along is a good thing—."

".....I won't deny that, but be quiet. There is something called sequence when talking—First, Shera's objective was to return home. Even if she was in the middle of running away from home, with her father having died, she couldn't leave her mother alone."

"Un, that's how anyone would feel."

".....Having absolutely no relation to that, you made a promise with the Dark Elf village. A pledge. You bet your life to God declaring that you would “concede a part of the Greenwood Kingdom to the Dark Elves”."

"It was if the Dark Elves could get along and live together with the Elves."

Rafleisha, who was listening at the side, nodded.

"Since there are people with various opinions, it will be hard for everyone to change their feelings right away, but I believe that the ones that say that they will live in this forest will be able to get along."

"Right!"

Shera let out a glad-looking smile.

Rem folded her arms, and groaned.

"Nn—.....So the large compensation of conceding a part of one's territory, the objective of it was to mediate the relationship of the Elves and the Dark Elves." To begin with, the reason for their discord was with the Lifelia King of three generations ago.

Dispatching an army corps called the 《Holy Army》, they treated the Dark Elves as Demon King Worshipers and attacked them.

It seemed that the Ceremony Magic that saved Rem—Knowledge concerning the Demon King that they were entrusted with from God was the reason.

It was a foolish act that was hard to forgive, but it was already a story of the past. It was not something the current Diablo could do about.

At the time of that attack, the Elves abandoned the Dark Elves. They didn't fight for them. That had torn their relationship apart but.....

In fact, the Elves had their Greenwood King taken hostage, and had to obey the Holy Army.

These were the Queen's words, and they didn't know the truth.

Nevertheless, Rafleisha accepted it as the truth.

Rem spoke her thoughts.

".....I believe that this is a very good thing.....In the western lands, the Demon

King has finally awakened. The people of the Races will surely be unable to avoid a hard fight once again. There is a need unite our strength. The fading of the Elves and Dark Elves' ill feelings is desirable."

Going *Un, un!*, Shera nodded.

Rafleisha also made a small agreement.

"That is what I believe."

".....However, without a king, the transfer of territory cannot happen. Many old traditions remain in the Greenwood Kingdom, and this is one of them.....No, it is the same even with the other races. For the demarcation of territory to change at a time where the leader is absent. It would be difficult for the masses to agree to it."

If their land were to decrease, their lives would become harder. Protecting the lives of the citizens is what a king was for.

Rafleisha cast her eyes down.

"Even on the Elves' side, there are surely some that carry resentment for the Dark Elves."

".....Let's put that part aside. In any case, the Greenwood Kingdom needs a king. And then, according to the Queen's story, the reason for the need of a king is also for the sake of the forest.....In the promise that was exchanged with God in ancient times, it was said that the reign of the king that managed the country was essential."

Shera puffed her cheeks.

"Kaa-san said that "since it's a country of Elves, an Elf needs to be the king or else it's no good", and that's all she ever says—."

".....That is only natural."

"Ueeeh!? No way—."

"That's only natural, isn't it."

"It is."

Even Diablo felt that the Queen's view was right.

Rem entered the summary.

".....The problem that we have, although there is the promise of conceding territory, and several reasons for the sake of the forest, in the end, there is only one.....In other words, "Shera needs to get married with an Elf. At this rate, it seems like her partner will be the man called Durango"."

"Auawaah~"

Shera let out a strange voice.

"Do you not want to? He seems to be an excellent Elf. Well, for his appearance, he's an Orc rather than an Elf though."

"Uuu.....It isn't really a question of what I think of Durango-san.....It's because there is someone else that I feel like wanting to always be together with."

".....You mean Diablo, don't you?"

"U, un."

Chira She sent her gaze his way.

He felt like he was going to involuntarily blush.

Going *Nonono.....*, Diablo denied it. He recalled gloomy experiences of the past. He absolutely would not make the "misunderstanding" that someone had fallen for him. Absolutely not.

—Since this is Shera we're talking about, she's probably thinking of it in a childlike way of "wanting to go on an adventure together". It isn't the emotion of love between a man and a woman.

If he advanced the story of him catching her eye, and getting to the step of doing a couple's action right now, there is no mistake that she would say "it wasn't like that".

Shera had the body of an adult, but the mind of a child.

Rem wrinkled her eyebrows.

".....Do you understand? Diablo is a Demon, you know?"

"Th, that's true but."

".....You really have brought up something strange.....Are you a crossbrian (other race lover)^[1]? Not only are you stupid, you're a pervert. A perverted Elf."

"Th, that's not it! The person that I feel like always wanting to be with just happens to be of another race!"

".....There is one thing I want to confirm but.....What do you think the roles of the King and Queen are?"

"Eh? They do things like pray, and have God make the forest rich and plentiful. And then, if there is a person in trouble, they hear their story. And they protect the "important thing" that they were entrusted with from God."

—Come to think of it, Raffleisha also said it, didn't she. What could that "important thing" be?

Rem shook her head left and right.

".....Those are important, but there is a duty that is just as important, right? There has to be a limit to your lack of studying. The duty that royalty and titled nobility need to accomplish is to leave behind an heir."

Shera's cheeks dyed red, and she drew back.

"An, an heir!?"

".....You will need to make a child. Or could it be that you intend on ending the Greenwood royal family with your generation?"

"I don't intend on that happening but.....I am properly thinking about it—."

".....A child cannot be created between an Elf and a Demon. That is a basic fact."

"That's true but, it's not like it's absolute."

".....They normally cannot be made. That is why even if different races can feel affection and camaraderie, they cannot harbour love. In many cases, it is the same as being of the same sex. Well, Shera, since you've been saved by Diablo several times, you might have made a bit of a misunderstanding though."

"Did I, make a misunderstanding?"

Shera herself seemed to be bewildered by the emotion that had only just sprouted.

Rem took a deep breath.

She bit her back teeth.

She tightly clenched her fists.

".....I'm sure that it is painful, but it's because I think of you as a companion that I can say this clearly—Shera, you should choose a male Elf and marry him. If you do not like Durango, please tell that to your mother. However, for the sake of the country as well, choosing a partner that can bless those around you right now is for the best—that is how I feel."

Shera gulped.

Her gaze couldn't fixate on anything.

"B, but, I.....I mean....."

".....Calm down. Please think about it carefully. You are innocent, shallow, and lacking in prudence, but you are a person that understands what is truly important. You should be able to make the correct decision. I believe that you can."

"Do you really believe that!?"

".....You understand too, don't you? Even if you are royalty, if the citizens don't agree to it, conceding land will be impossible. You need to carry out the promise that you risked your life on, you know!?"

"Auawauaah~.....That's true but....."

Shera held her head in her arms.

She wasn't that smart to begin with. On top of that, she was probably suffering from the dilemma between what she should do and how she feels.

Up until now, Diablo also might have been worried together with her as if he were wandering about a maze that had no exit.

However, he was no longer suffering.

"Shera, I have a question for you. Answer me carefully—You said that you desired to go together with me, didn't you? For now, the country and the promise do not matter. Declare right here and now whether or not that feeling is genuine and without any fabrication."

"Erm.....I still don't really know though.....I, want to test just how much I can do, and see how far I can go. And then, I don't want to do it alone, but together with Diablo and Rem. I mean, we are companions after all!"

She hasn't changed from when he had met her.

She continued to genuinely challenge her own limits, sought for a new world, and wanted to be together with her companions. She was a lonely Adventurer. Diablo nodded.

"I see. I understand very well. That was all I wanted to ask.....No, there was one more thing. Earlier, you said that the Elf King's role was to protect an "important thing"."

"Nn? Ah, I might have said that."

"What is that?"

"Ah—, come to think of it, I don't know."

"You really are the same as usual."

Diablo shrugged his shoulders.

Rem raised an agitated voice.

".....Honestly! It is something that will influence your own life, you know!?"

She sounded harsh, but since she was truly worried about her, she was probably furious about that thoughtlessness of hers.

Shera rubbed the base of her long ears.

"Ahaha.....In the past, I was told by Kaa-san that "I'll understand if I see it". At that time, I didn't think that I would become Queen."

".....If you held curiosity, you should have turned your attention to your surroundings. Did you run away without investigating about that sort of thing?"

"When I was here, I was mostly running from place to place way from Nii-san, you know—."

"Ahh.....He was a difficult person after all, so that isn't unreasonable. You also seem to have suffered, so you have my sympathy for that."

Shera made a wry smile at Rem's words.

Rafleisha made a suggestion.

"Wouldn't it be alright to check it now? If the Queen said that she would "understand if she saw it", then it means that it wouldn't be a problem if she saw it, right? I don't think it would be bad even if she saw it at least once."

"That's true! Since you came anyway, let's go see it!"

Surprisingly, it meant that the "important thing" was in this place.

Rem tilted her head.

".....Isn't this a graveyard?"

"It is, but that is also here—."

With an expression that seemed like she had forgotten her mental agony, Shera headed towards the back of the underground room.

She basically had a fondness for unknown things and new things. She is optimistic, proactive, and brimming with curiosity.

Rem made a disgusted face.

".....Is it really alright to be doing this even though the marriage is approaching in the near future and we haven't reached a conclusion?"

Diablo pacified her as she was in a restless state.

"Do not mind something so uninteresting. A legendary-class treasured article is said to be in this place, so it is only natural to feel like wanting to lay your eyes on it."

".....That's true. We are Adventurers after all."

"At any rate, things will take their own course. And then, no matter how it turns out....."

".....Diablo?"

Shera arrived at the back wall.

"I'm going to start—."

She touched the wall that had the Holy Symbol carved into it with her palm. And then, she started to chant unfamiliar words—something that seemed like a spell.

""AiAuERUuPURliOuNSHliKURITTODOuWAa""

To Diablo, the language of this other world were changed to his native language and he heard it as such. However, he did not understand the meaning of Shera's words.

He didn't understand the reasoning behind the translation to begin with but..... By some chance, they might not be words that had meaning. If it was a place where the Elves' "important thing" is being kept safe, then it was probably a treasury.

Since they were words to open the treasury, was that something like a password?

Kiiiii..... A high pitched sound resounded throughout the underground room. The inside of their ears felt a bit of pain.

A bluish-white light of magical power rose to the surface of the Holy Symbol that was carved into the wall.

Magical power ran along the grooves as if it were water streaming through it. The bluish-white light curved, forked, intersected, and a complicated pattern was formed on the wall and ground.

".....Is this, a magic formation?"

Rem muttered.

Rafleisha narrowed her eyes.

"I have never seen a magic formation of this shape."

"Mu?"

Diablo recognized the pattern that was drawn.

When Krebskrum awakened as the Demon King in Faltra City, a magic formation spread out in the sky.

—It's similar.

To the magic formation that appeared when the Demon King was revived. However, although they were of the same system, there were also some different parts.

Diablo was able to use powerful magic as a Magician, but that was the result of leveling up in the game. It wasn't like he was well-informed in regards to the magic of this other world. Even if he looked at the magic formation, he was unable to understand the meaningful parts.

As if he were watching a game's event movie—he did nothing but gaze at it while thinking that it sure was an elaborate performance.

It seemed that the magic formation was completed.

The magic formation wasn't etched into just the four walls, but even on the floor and ceiling.

His view made a complete change.

Translator's Notes:

[\[1\]](#)

Written as 異種族愛者, read as クロスブリアン. I think it was meant to be something like a cross between crossbreed and lesbian.

Part 3

He found himself in a dreary, dried up field.

The red, rust-colored ground continued on endlessly. It was cracked, and not even a single blade of grass grew on it. Even the sky was red.

It wasn't an evening glow, but it was covered by red clouds, and was dim.

Diablo surveyed the surroundings.

"What.....is this place.....?"

"Kaa-san said that it was 《The End》. This is my first time coming here too though."

Shera answered him.

Was this Transfer Magic? Or was it an illusion?

The scenery made a complete change, but the figures of the others were there.

Not just Shera, there was also Rem, Rose, and Rafleisha.

".....《The End》 huh. For this kind of mechanism to be in the Elf royal family's graveyard, I hadn't heard about it at all."

"It's amazing, isn't it. Totally surprising."

".....There's one thing I want to confirm but, was it alright to bring me and Diablo who are of different races here?"

Shera made a face that said "Ah" to Rem's question.

"Was that no good!?"

".....Did you not get the Queen's permission!? Haa—.....I understand.....Let's pretend like we didn't come here."

"Un. It'll be alright if we don't say anything! Rafleisha-san too, keep it a secret, 'kay?"

"....."

Without answering her, Rafleisha was in a daze, gazing into the distance.

Shera approached her, and waved a hand in front of her face.

"Rafleisha-sa—n?"

Going *Ha*, she noticed her.

"Wawah!? Wh, what.....!?"

"U, um.....Are you alright?"

"Eh.....Yes, of course. It was a bit, surprised though."

Going *Ahaha*, both Shera and Rafleisha laughed.

Diablo dropped his gaze to his feet.

Something had fallen and sunk about half way into the ground.

He tried picking it up.

It was a gigantic crystal.

Rose came close to him.

"Master, that is the Summon Crystal of a 《Force Hydra》."

"What did you say!?"

"There isn't a level restriction, but there is a race restriction. Only Elves can use it."

"Something like that is....."

In the same way, Rem dug up a slender sword from the ground. It was covered in red dirt, but a detailed design was applied to it.

".....And this is?"

"That is an 《Acid Orion》, and a 《Corrosion》 effect is activated in its attacks. The level restriction is 160."

Rem's eyes went round.

Even Diablo was astonished.

—Did she say the level restriction is 160!?

For the levels of the MMORPG Cross Reverie, 150 was the highest. It meant that slender sword couldn't be used by any of the Players.

As he thought, this other world was different from point in time of Cross Reverie that Diablo played.

In general, the level restriction was raised semiannually.

He had made this conjecture before, but it seemed that this other world was the original content for the game.

That meant that if Cross Reverie implemented all of the specifications, it would have become this other world. Naturally, it meant that the upper limit of levels would also be much higher.

To begin with, even the existence of an upper limit was unclear.

Rem surveyed the surroundings.

".....Is this, the Elves' treasury? It's quite different, from what I thought it would be. Like this, isn't it almost like a dump site?"

"That is why the Elven royalty do not have an understanding of the treasured articles. Far from just not having an inventory of them, to think that they had not dug them out from the ground to begin with. Moreover, normally they would not know their abilities just by looking at them. We were able to grasp what they were thanks to Rose though."

Things like Magimatic Maids, he had not seen any other than Rose in this world. He believed that they most likely did not exist in the Greenwood Kingdom either.

She deeply lowered her head.

"This Rose, is happy if she was able to be of assistance."

"Umu, that was excellent work."

While still in a bowing pose, Rose's shoulders trembled. Going *Nfu—*, she made a rough, nasally breath. She was in a state of being secretly aroused due to Diablo's words.

Shera shouted from a slightly separated location.

"Diablo—!? Over here! Over here! Come here!"

"Fumu.....It would seem that the things scattered about here are the "important thing". We don't seem to be mistaken that they are the Elves' treasured articles though."

"This rough treatment of it all, I find it hard to understand."

While saying that, Diablo and the others headed to where Shera was shouting from.

The ground came to an end.

It was a cliff.

The ground was torn, and turned into a large valley. Although it was called a valley, the opposite site was distant to the point that it was blurry. And it was deep to the point that they couldn't see the bottom.

Shera pointed down.

"Th, this is the "important thing"!"

At the bottom of the valley, there was something pitch black.

At first, it seemed like water or something had accumulated, but that wasn't the case.

It was a monster.

At its center, there was a mysterious orb that was several times his own height.

Cable shaped things crept around it. It seemed as if tens of thousands of serpents were squirming about.

Rem shrank away from the cliff.

".....ツ!? Could it be, a Demon King!?"

"What did you say!?"

".....Ah.....Um.....Although I haven't seen something like that before, that is how I felt. It might be due to me having been near one this whole time though." As if to check on it, she touched the pouch on her waist. The remnants of the Demon King that was sealed within her were transferred to the 《Divine Crystal》.

Shera tried to cling onto him and asked.

"By Demon King, you mean that Demon King!? A real one!?"

Diablo was distressed.

—Since it's a new monster, I can't tell what it is without the name display! Unfortunately, the kind feature of opening a window and referring to its profile didn't exist in this other world.

He sent his gaze to the reliable Rose, but she only glanced below the cliff, and didn't say anything.

Since she was a treasury watchman, she had an abundance of knowledge related to items, but she might not be well-informed about monsters.

Rafleisha opened her mouth. She muttered as if she were speaking to herself. She had a vacant expression and looked like she was daydreaming or something.

".....《Demon King of the Heart, Cardia》.....That is the source, the one who brings about, the fire of life.....The power to change this world....."

"Oi, if you know about it, then speak."

"Eh!?"

She regained her expression as if she was brought back to her senses with Diablo's voice.

"O, oh please.....I also only remember what I heard in old stories and don't know much about it, you know? It is the name of the Demon King said to be sealed in this land."

"So that, really is a Demon King. Did you say the 《Demon King of the Heart, Cardia》?"

"It most likely is."

Hearing that story, Shera's complexion became paler and paler.

"It's a D-D-D-Demon King!?"

"Princess Shera, calm down. Most likely, that really is a Demon King, but it is sealed."

"U, un."

"It's moving a bit but.....If it revives, we probably won't get away safely. This is only a guess though."

"Thank goodness it's sealed—."

Rem talked while staring at the Demon King.

".....So the "important thing" that the Elves were entrusted with by God, was about the Demon King."

"So it would seem. The seal itself should be somewhere though?"

"Erm, could it be this? "KOuNSOaU""

When Shera said some mysterious words again, a rainbow-colored gem appeared in mid-air. Its size was about that of a basketball.

Several rings encircled the surroundings of the gem. They were like the rings of Saturn.

Rafleisha opened her eyes wide.

".....ツ.....This is, amazing. This is my first time seeing such a large Divine Crystal. As expected of the thing that can seal the Demon King itself!"

Shera gazed at the rainbow-colored gem.

"Ah....."

"What's wrong, Shera?"

"Well, it looks like this seal is the same as the Greenwood Forest, and receives power from God. But, since Tou-san has died....."

"Wha!? Is, is that alright!?"

"It doesn't look like it will be broken today or tomorrow but, it looks like it's slowly weakening."

Shera said that without hesitation, but it was considerably important.

The Demon King's seal is weakening!

And then, this meant that if the Greenwood Kingdom doesn't have a king, the seal will break before long.

Rem wiped sweat off from her forehead.

".....I understand the reason why the Queen forced her daughter to get married, and is performing the wedding so hastily. This is far from just the forest's blessings."

Diablo was also of the same opinion.

"This concerns not just the Elves, but the life and death of the Races."

".....And the fact that she did not tell us about this despite this, is this a secret only to the Elves?"

"Or maybe, it is a secret only the Elven royal family. The more people that know about it, the easier it is for the secret to become public knowledge."

".....Certainly, there is no need to inform the citizens about this. I also feel like I know the reason why the treasured articles weren't collected all that well despite them being scattered about."

Even if it was sealed, there isn't anyone that would want to get close to the Demon King.

Compared to the monsters that had made their appearances up until now, the 《Demon King of the Heart, Cardia》 had an extremely grotesque appearance. Just how much would its strength be?

For the nature of MMORPGs, the Players steadily get stronger. Inevitably, they get as strong as the new event monsters.

The fact that Diablo did not know about it meant that this thing was not implemented—the possibility that it would appear in a future event was high. In the game, he had defeated the 《Demon King of the Brain, Enkvalos》 going solo, but he should consider this 《Demon King of the Heart, Cardia》 being of a higher level.

The Lifelia Kingdom's guarding against the Greenwood Kingdom isn't strong. The line of defence of the Races is heavy against the Demon King territory in the west, while this place was inside of it. There wasn't a large defensive point from here to the royal capital.

Alicia who was at the royal capital, Lumachina at the Grand Chapel, the employees of the 《Phoenix House》 inn, Diablo remembered the various people that he met in town.

—If this guy were to revive, everyone would die.

Interlude

In a pitch dark room, she stood.

This place was, a place that was no where.

It was inside a dream.

She heard a voice.

From the bottom of the ground, a voice could be heard.

[Will you forget?]

It was not the voice of a person.

She must not listen to this.

Intuitively, she understood that, and covered her long ears with both hands.

Within the darkness, *botsun*, a bright place was made.

A child stood there.

It was a young Dark Elf boy.

[.....Will you forget me?]

She opened her eyes wide.

Her lips trembled.

How many decades had it been, since she said his name.

The young boy talked.

[Are you going to forgive? Them? Even though I, died because of them!]

Wrong.

That was wrong, is what she understood in her reasoning.

The ones to blame were the Humans.

[In that case, after them, it's the Humans. The Lifelia King cannot be forgiven.]

That too, it is already a thing of the past.

The young boy's eyes became moist.

[So you're going to forget.....]

Nay. She wouldn't forget. She would never forget.

But, they needed to continue on towards the future.

[Does that, mean that you, won't forget your resentment?]

From the ends of the young boy's lips, red lines flowed down.

From his chest, in contrast to that small slender body, a blade that was way too

big, rushed out.

A spear that had a cross-shaped blade attached to it, pierced through the young boy from his back.

Blood gushed out.

[Even though I, hurt this much! Even though I was killed!]

A warm red liquid came flying.

It wet her cheeks.

She put her hand to it.

It had a viscous texture.

She screamed.

[Ack nowledge me]

Submerged in the bottom of the ground, a black lump's voice, resounded inside of her head.

Chapter 6: Trying Out Conducting the Wedding

Part 1

For the first time since Diablo came to this other world, he passed a night unable to get a wink of sleep even though he got in bed.

The next day—

From the morning mist that had yet to clear away, the timbre of flutes and harps could be heard.

They were probably preparations for the wedding.

Diablo raised his body up.

He turned his gaze towards the door.

Rose the Magimatic Maid that stood alongside the wall courteously made a bow.

"Good morning, Master. Are there any hindrances to your body?"

When she gets to a distance of one step away from Diablo when he is awake, her magical power starts charging. She surely sensed that he didn't sleep.

"Ever since we came to this forest, I have not used magic all that much. It is to the point that my body feels like it is growing dull. There is no way there would be any problems."

"Please excuse me."

Rem, who slept in the same bed as him, was still making a sleeper's breathing. Since it was still early morning, he decided to let her keep sleeping.

Quietly slipping out of bed, he headed to the room's door.

"Rose, just in case, stick close to Rem."

".....Understood."

Showing only a moment of dissatisfaction with silence towards the fact that she would be separated from Diablo, she obeyed.

He came out to the common room.

Suddenly, he noticed that the entranceway door was left slightly opened.

Since this was a country where the other residences did not even have walls let alone doors, and used tree branches as beds, he wouldn't say that was careless.

—Did someone come in or out?

From the common room, there were doors that went to the two private rooms. One of them was the one that Diablo had just come out from. The other one was the room that Rafleisha was using. The door to her room was also partly open.

Come to think of it, the buildings of the Dark Elf village practically did not have doors. She might not have the habit of closing opened doors.

".....Did she go for a walk?"

So Diablo wasn't the only one who didn't go to sleep.

If a new king is enthroned in today's wedding, it will be closer to Rafleisha's objective. However, it still wasn't decided as to whether or not that new king would transfer any territory.

Since the life of the new Queen Shera who would become his wife was at risk, they would first try to annul that but.....

Even so, in the world of politics, outrageous things will happen on occasion. People that take only what they can take and then don't keep their promises could be found anywhere.

"I guess it's reasonable that she feels restless."

Diablo went outside.

If he remembered correctly, according to Shera's story, the wedding would be held in the plaza of the country's largest tree.

He thought that all of the Elves would be feverishly working, but that wasn't the case.

As usual, there were some that sprawled out up in the trees and were strumming their instruments, and there were some that were nibbling on fruits. His field of vision opened up.

"Oh....."

It was a magnificently large tree, to the point that he involuntarily leaked out his voice.

It was tall enough to make him think that it might reach the heavens, and was thicker than the Magician's Tower. It was big enough that the surrounding large trees seemed like saplings.

In front of that large tree, an altar was prepared.

It seemed that the arrangements still weren't completed. The flower beds that encircled the venue were halfway prepared, and the chairs were in the

middle of being transported one by one.

One Elf was giving out directions.

"Yosh, that chair, goes here. Hurry up, we need to finish up the bottom by eight o'clock. How about the upper decorations? Are they still not here? Tell them to hurry up with that as well."

"Durango-san, the additional benches have come."

"Oh, is that so. Ahhh, the design is slightly wrong.....Yosh, let's put those at the back."

Diablo opened his eyes wide.

—Durango!?

He really did have a pig face that did not seem like it would be that of an Elf, but Diablo could tell that he was respected and relied on by the people around him. Above all, he did not have that strange way of speaking.

"Is the preparation of the food progressing well? We don't have enough meat.....It can't be helped, have about five people go out hunting. Please do it in two hours."

"Durango-san, the upper decorations, half of them have come first!"

"Yosh, yosh! Fumu fumu, yo—sh, this is good quality. Well then, adorn these from above. In groups of two, one person does the decorating, and the other carries a whole bunch. It's because carrying a whole bunch while working will be faster than coming back down every time."

"Yes! Yosh, let's go, you guys!"

The young Elves moved in groups of two just as Durango said.

Diablo headed towards his direction.

"Hmph.....You have quite the leadership, don't you? I suppose I should say as expected of the next king."

"Ah!? Sorry, for this and that. You are quite early!"

"You, that strange way of speaking is....."

"Dufufufu.....Is there, something wrong with my manner of speaking?"

What could be the reason for him expressly doing such a strange act. This didn't seem like it would be a hit with the ladies.

The Queen nominated Durango, but it wasn't like she praised his appearance or mannerisms.

Diablo, who did a Demon King role play, knew—that making up a persona

couldn't be done half-heartedly. Since he went through that much hardship to make it, there should be some sort of reason for it.

That being said, there would be no way he would confess if he merely asked about it.

"You suspicious fellow."

"Well now, I give up. Ahh, the wedding of me and Princess Shera, it will happen one hour past noon. Until then, please eat some of the rich fruits. Reserves have been prepared, so do take your time."

"I have grown tired of eating. More importantly, there is one thing I was thinking of asking you."

"Hohou, and what might that be?"

"Shera feels that she wants to continue going on adventures. She will surely say that she wants to leave the country even after she becomes queen."

"Dufufufu.....That sure is a troubling Queen."

"So that, is what you think."

Durango put a hand to his own mouth.

He suddenly changed to having sharp eyes.

".....Diablo-dono, you saw that, didn't you?"

"Mu?"

"Princess Shera is constantly under surveillance. How she had brought everyone to the royal family graveyard, and how she came out with a pale face after that, all of it has been understood."

"So you also knew about it."

"It is because I have served as the king's close aide."

"In that case, this will make the talk go fast."

"In regards to *that*, I ask that you do not reveal it in front of the Elves."

As they thought, the fact that the 《Demon King of the Heart, Cardia》 was sealed here was a secret only to the royal family. He knew about it since he worked as the king's right-hand man though.

"Even if I am enthroned, children are needed. If something were to happen to Princess Shera in her travels, the bloodline of the royal family would eventually cease to exist after all."

"Fumu."

Adventurers are always next to danger. That concern was inevitable.

"At the very least, until she is blessed with three children, I will be troubled if she leaves Greenwood. That is what I am thinking."

Diablo breathed a sigh.

It was as if she were a milk cow. So the number of children was the quota.

The requirement of three children, it was probably because the current Queen gave birth to three, and now only Shera remained.

He now understood why Prince Kiira was treated with great care within the kingdom even with his ill-natured personality.

Durango pressed his concern.

"I sincerely ask that in regards to *that*....."

"If it were made common knowledge, the Faltra Feudal Lord would not have sent the Elf Prince's head flying though."

"That would be outrageous! If that matter were to be spread, the Demon King Worshipers would surely target the lives of the royal family."

"Hmph.....I understand your way of thinking very well."

The reason why he was doing such an act with a strange tone was unknown though.

So, as he thought, in one knew about the seal, they would make that kind of decision.

Part 2

The time was one hour past noon—
It was the plaza in front of the large tree.
Decoration strings of various colors hung from up in the trees. Maybe there were glass beads tied to them as they sparkled and shined.
Flowers bloomed as if encircling the area. They weren't lined up in flowerpots, but bloomed from the ground as if from flower beds. However, this was a wedding ceremony that was decided on yesterday. Since there is no way they bloomed with great timing, they were probably transplanted.
Benches were lined up, and were covered in velvety cloth.
Those with noble positions even among the Elves took those seats. The others stood as if to surround the venue and watched.
A great number of Elves, enough to make one feel amazed that there were this many of them with in the forest, had gathered. A majority of the people that were in Greenwood had probably come here. Since the enthronement of a king concerned the forest's continuance, it was only natural that their interest would be high, and that they would think that they want to see the celebration.
A carpet stretched out at the center of the place of ceremony.
It seemed to be a carpet that used golden thread.
Although it preserved harmony with nature, an important point was that it also adopted a design that made one feel its extravagance. It was something quite splendid.
Rem sat down at the end of the front row as a guest.
Next to her, Rose was there with an open seat in between them.
She was restless.
".....Diablo, it looks like he hasn't come yet, doesn't it?"
"He cannot be sensed even with this Rose's sensor. It is due to there being too many people.....Kuh."
Without Diablo around, the Magimatic Maid was restless.
The ceremony was going to start soon.
However, the figures of Diablo and Rafleisha weren't there.

".....The two of them left separately, right?"

"Yes. The Dark Elf had left before dawn."

".....With Rafleisha-sama's body, could something have happened? Even though she was asked by the Queen to attend.....To think that the side that wants the promise to be kept, would be the one to break the promise."

"Data is insufficient. A conjecture is impossible."

".....Could it be that she was attacked by a wild animal or something?"

"I do not know, but wild animals able to injure people of the Races, I cannot sense any of them in the vicinity."

".....It does seem like Elves do patrol the area after all."

"Yes."

Rem breathed a sigh.

".....Diablo seemed to have some sort of idea. I think it would be fine if he talked at least a few words about it to me though."

"I believe that he did not find you trustworthy."

Going *Mu—*, Rem glared at her.

Rose remained expressionless as usual, and faced forward like a stone statue. Although she tried putting her displeasure on her face—she thought that what she said was pertinent. People were creatures that would take offense when the bull's-eye is pointed out. Things pointed out that were off point could be laughed off with just being exasperated about them.

Rem dropped her shoulders.

".....That might be true. Should we split up and try searching for him?"

"That is denied. This Rose was commanded by Master to "stick close to Rem" after all."

".....Ahh, is that so."

In other words, if it wasn't for her, Diablo would have used Rose as a pawn to move—is what Rem thought.

Wasn't she just dragging him down?

—How pathetic.

She grumbled that in her mouth.

Jya—n! A string instrument rang.

The orchestra that was at the edge of the venue started a musical performance.

From a quiet sound that seemed like the warble of a songbird, the instruments steadily increased, and it changed into a magnificent composition.

Maybe due to doing nothing but that sort of thing all year long, the Elves' musical performance was done with superb competency. Even Rem who was not all that knowledgeable about music was able to understand that their skill wasn't common.

The composition completed its first stage.

The master of ceremonies announced the start of the marriage ceremony.

"Ooh, Gods in heaven, Your Majesty, Queen, everyone in attendance, citizens of the Greenwood Kingdom, give your blessings to the wonderful day known as today!"

It was a clear tone that seemed like he was singing at the top of his voice.

A verse of the scriptures was read aloud.

And then next, Durango the bridegroom appeared from the right. They say that the clothes make the man, but even if a pig-faced man wears a pure white dress suit, the ambiance is.....

".....As I thought, it's questionable."

"I am of the same evaluation."

".....It's rare that our opinions match."

"Yes."

Durango exchanged bows with the priest that stood on the altar. And then, he also lowered his head to the Queen who was at the front row of the attendees. The master of ceremonies raised his voice without any hesitation.

The bride enters!

Rem turned around.

The end of the central golden thread path was covered by a curtain. From there, a figure appeared—It was Shera.

She was a princess dressed in a white dress.

Rem was captivated.

Even the attendees were the same.

For an instance—Even the musical performance stopped, even the wind disappeared, and even the voices of the birds vanished. The venue was enveloped by a painful silence.

Before long, a stir was spread amongst the guest seating.

Occasionally, there were moments where she thought that Shera was beautiful, but due to her usual stupid speech and conduct, there were few times where she thought that.

Right now, she could clearly say it.

—She is beautiful.

It might be strange for someone of the same sex to harbor this sort of impression. However, this wasn't in the meaning of sexual attraction, and was an impression similar to when seeing a wonderful painting or scenery.

Even her un-Elf-like curves were in harmony with the design of the dress.

The design of being open around the nape of her neck was probably due to the 《Slavery Choker》 being there. Concealment Magic was cast on it, but since it still existed, she couldn't wear clothes that covered the nape of her neck.

It was a beauty that could make one sigh for her.

However, Shera's expression was dark and depressed.

Her true feelings were in a different place. Even so, she chose her duty as Queen. Rem knew that.

She was the one that urged her to do so.

".....Shera."

“Choosing a partner that can bless those around you right now is for the best—that is how I feel.”

Even now, she felt that was the correct opinion.

However, Rem's chest hurt from seeing the submerged in despair expression that Shera was showing for the first time.

—I, might have made a terrible mistake.

Didn't she misjudge what it was that she truly should be protecting?

Her hands trembled.

Shera slowly advanced down the golden carpet.

Once this wedding ceremony finished, Durango would obtain Shera, and become the king of the Elves.

When she thought that he would certainly have the face of a winner.....

He was furrowing his brow.

He was biting his lower lip, looking mortified. Or, it was an expression that made one feel pity.

Rose muttered.

".....It seems that in order to overcome a long-established custom, you threw yourself into dangerous adventures, and now you have finally expelled the Demon King's soul from yourself, correct?"

"Eh? Yeah."

".....So that means that next, it is that Elf's turn to be tied down by a Demon King."

"ッ!"

Rem half rose to her feet.

Rose didn't make even the slightest movement.

"What is wrong? Correct things are, correct, are they not?"

".....I, I, made a mistake!"

As if to drown out Rem's sorrowful voice, the sound of the musical performance grew louder. As if to say that voices that would interrupt the ceremony that had started wouldn't be allowed, countless instruments shook the air.

Maybe because Rem had stood up—An Elven soldier that hung a long sword on his waist came rushing over to her.

"Milady, are you feeling sick?"

"That's not....."

"Come this way, milady. It is the middle of the ceremony right now. Either leave your seat, or please sit down."

The life or death of the Greenwood Kingdom was hung on the balance in this ceremony. He was a guard that protected the ceremony.

Rem sat down.

Right now, leaving the place of ceremony was the same as running away.

Although he left a vigilant gaze on her, the Elven guard returned to his original position.

—I, am foolish, and powerless.

All the current Rem was allowed to do was keep quiet and hold still.

Shera, who had slowly advanced forward, stopped her feet.

She was already in front of the altar.

The priest raised his voice.

"Do you, bridegroom Durango.....take the princess as your lifelong spouse, in both sickness and in health, in both joy and in sorrow, when there are blessings and when there are losses, to love her, to respect her, to comfort her, to help

her, as long as you live, do you vow to devote your true heart to her?"

"Yes, I do."

"Do you, Shera L. Greenwood.....Take this man as your spouse?"

"....."

With her mouth remaining open, Shera didn't say anything.

The attendees made puzzled faces, and became a bit noisy.

The Queen, who sat in the frontmost seat, gave an instruction with her chin.

The priest made a small nod.

"O bride, deep in modesty, answer with silence as an affirmation—Do you take him as your spouse?"

".....u"

"Very well! I have ascertained both of your feelings. Now then, in front of God, make the oath kiss!"

Durango nodded.

He approached one step away from the bride.

Durango grabbed Shera's arm as she tried to step back.

"Prepare yourself."

".....ㄣ"

Shera made a face that looked like she was going to cry.

In a place where she could reach her with ten steps if she ran, even though her companion was making that sort of face—Rem could do nothing but sit there. She couldn't.

".....Kuh.....I, have made a mistake."

"Is that so."

".....So what about the country. So what about the Demon King. I had, resolved myself to break away from those shackles!"

"Rose, had evaluated your opinion as correct."

".....That's right! It's because it's correct, that I was mistaken!"

Rose, who had only faced forward the whole time, turned only her head this way. She pulled up the ends of her lips, and expressed a smile.

"Of course it is. And Master knew this."

"Eh?"

In the sky, something dazzlingly shined. The foliage of the large tree was blown away, torn to pieces.

—An explosion!?

The shock wave scattered the sound of the musical performance.

Part 3

Several bullets of light fell from the sky.

It was the Magic 《Lightning Arrow》. Even just one shot of it was a considerably high grade magic. A Magician that would be able to fire this many of them—Rem knew of only one.

The decorations were smashed, the flower beds were gouged out, and the trunk of the large tree was shaved.

The attending guests raised screams.

There were even figures of some that ran away among them.

The master of ceremonies raised a hysteric voice trying to calm them down, and the priest was the quickest one to run away from the altar.

Durango hurriedly put Shera at his back and protected her.

A bullet of light hit his shoulder.

"Guoh!?"

It flew through the air like a kicked pebbled.

However, it was no wonder why he was nominated by the Queen who had valued his abilities. Although his posture was broken, he withstood it without falling down.

Wind coiled about.

Someone came down from the sky to the altar.

Spreading a black mantle out like wings, and held a staff at hand. Horns of a devil grew on their head. Proof that the blood of Demonic Beings flowed in their body was tattooed on their face—it was a male Demon.

He stood next to Shera.

He expressed a fiendish smile.

"Ku ku ku.....Even if God acknowledges this, I shall not allow it, you pieces of trash. This is my property! I will not let you all do as you please!"

"Diablo!"

Throwing the bouquet of flowers in her hands, Shera hugged him.

Going *Tototo.....*, Diablo regained his balance.

"Hmph, I will not allow you to get married on your own! I know I said that you

belong to me. The one that you will devote your life to, is this Demon King Diablo!"

Going *Demon King!?, the chaos of the attending guests reached its climax. Durango drew a long sword from the waist of a guard.

He made a complete change from the dark expression he had a while ago, and was even expressing a smile.

"You said it, that you were a Demon King, didn't you!? You, do you claim to be a Demon King!?"

"Kukuku.....I am the Demon King of another world Diablo!"

"I am surprised, to think you were a Demon King.....However, I will have you return Princess Shera!"

"Hmph.....You are mistaken, youngster. This girl, she is already mine. The one doing the taking back, is me."

"Saying such nonsensical things."

"Oh right, a king is needed in the Greenwood Kingdom, isn't he? In that case, why not have this Demon King Diablo do it, be the king of the country of the Elves! Fuu—hahahaha!!"

"How foolish.....Who would ever acknowledge you as king!"

"In that case, it will surely revive, the Demon King that is sealed in this land."

"Silence!"

Among the attendees, the ones who didn't run away, were somewhat composed.

They listened attentively wondering what he meant.

Diablo spoke with a loud voice.

"Listen well, you riffraff! The 《Demon King of the Heart, Cardia》 was sealed in this land by God! The king of this country, is the key that seals the Demon King. And then, if the absence of the king is prolonged, the seal will be broken before long!"

"You damned fiend.....How could you divulge that!?"

Durango readied the long sword, and filled the distance of one step.

Diablo hugged Shera's waist with his left hand, and turned the staff that he held in his right hand at the opponent.

"If you do not acknowledge me as king, then the Demon King will be revived!"

"As I thought, you are a man of evil.....Do you plan on letting the Demon King of

this land revive!?"

"I do not care either way."

"Wh, what!?"

"Whether you acknowledge me as the king of the Greenwood Kingdom—or you don't and allow Cardia to revive, it doesn't matter either way."

"How idiotic. If that Demon King is awakened, the Races will be destroyed, you know!?"

"Hmph.....I, will not allow that to happen."

"What are you saying.....!?"

Diablo grandly made a declaration.

"The true Demon King, is me alone! I shall pulverize any fake Demon King!"

Durango opened his eyes wide.

".....P, pulverize!? Are you saying that you will defeat it, that Demon King.....!?"

Even the attendees became uproarious.

While shedding tears from the corners of her eyes, Shera expressed a smile that no other smile up until now could compare.

"Waaaan! Diablo! Diablo! Diablo! Diablo! Diablo!"

"O, oi....."

Being hugged so tightly, Diablo forced Shera back.

Rem stood stock still.

The area around her eyes became hot.

Transparent drops fell down along her cheeks.

".....I, was stupid."

"With My Master's deep design and forethought, there is no one able to rival him in that regard. However, if you are able to understand the correctness of what is done, then I am sure you at least have the qualifications as a subordinate."

Rem wiped her eyes.

".....I am pathetic. But next time, I won't make a mistake. I, am Diablo and Shera's companion after all!"

"To call My Master your "companion", how arrogant."

"Now then, let's assist him, Rose!"

Rem started running. The Magimatic Maid followed along without being a half-step late.

"I would even without you telling me!"

Part 4

Diablo made a declaration.

"The true Demon King, is me alone! I shall pulverize any fake Demon King!"

"Waaaan! Diablo! Diablo! Diablo! Diablo! Diablo!"

Shera hugged him.

On top of being thirty percent more beautiful than usual by being all dressed up, she was in a dress where her chest was open, and with her continuously pressing those bulges against him.....

He felt embarrassed.

If his cheeks were to blush in this situation, the Demon King atmosphere would come to nothing.

Diablo forced Shera back.

"O, oi....."

—Stop it! It's embarrassing, so don't hug me in that dress where your chest is just out in the open!

As they were doing that, Rem and Rose dashed over.

".....Diablo!"

"Master, your command—Shall I eliminate the enemy?"

"Enemy huh."

At Durango's back, Elven soldiers holding swords and bows gathered.

As he thought, even if he used the effect of his mantle, the 《Call of Darkness》, their fighting spirit won't break in this situation. The opponent was also desperate. The Elves planned on taking Shera back even if they had to fight.

Diablo raised up the corners of his lips.

"Kukuku.....Very well. I shall show you the difference in our abilities."

The weapon that Elves specialized in was the bow.

However, next to Diablo, Shera was there. Since they wouldn't be forgiven in the unlikely event that they accidentally shot her, they did not fire their arrows. In that case, they could only use the sword.

If they planned on slashing at Diablo, they would need to be as fast as the Faltra Feudal Lord Galford.

If they had that sort of speed, the feat of cutting away the 《Lightning Arrow》 should have been possible for them.

—Sorry but this isn't a situation where I can go easy on you.....This will become one-sided you know?

"To think you would oppose me, you damned fools who do not know your place! I shall annihilate you!"

Diablo swung his staff.

《Freezia》

It was a level 80 Water attribute Magic.

The Elves were cooled down all at once, and raised screams. They had already turned into a state of being annihilated.

"Gyaaaah!!""My finger!? My fingers are!""Frozen.....We're going to be frozen.....ツ!?"

As for Durango, as expected of his POW. His magic resistance properly succeeded.

"Guoooooh!! Everybody, fall back! Spread out!"

The Elves that were still able to fight pulled their injured companions and hid their figures in the forest.

"Hmph.....Your skills are quite low, aren't they?"

"What incredibly powerful magic.....!! It couldn't be, are you saying that you truly are a Demon King....."

"Being unable to use a bow, it would seem you are unable to display your specialty, Durango."

"Uuu....."

He shrank away.

It seemed that his level as an Archer was high, but it's no use if someone who holds a sword separates from the Magician.

Or, did he have a scheme?

The attendees were guided by the guards, and separated from the altar with great haste. Maybe due to always living idyllic lives, they were nothing but people with weak attitudes when it came to a fight.

However, only the Queen ignored the voices of the soldiers and remained.

"Shera! What are you thinking!?"

"Kaa-san....."

"I will not allow this!"

"I! As I thought, I choose Diablo to be king!"

"Don't joke around with me! That person, he claimed to be a Demon King, you know!? He's not even counted as a person anymore."

"Even so, I feel that, Diablo is the worthy of being Greenwood's king!"

"How incomprehensible. You are always, like that! Explain your reasoning to me!"

"Something like reasoning.....It's because I feel that way, that I feel that way!"
—So it's just intuition.

He didn't think that Shera could skillfully persuade her with words from the start, but it was a discussion that was worse than he expected.

Naturally, there was no way the Queen would consent to that.

"What will you do about offspring!? Unless you have children, the Greenwood royal family will be destroyed, you know!?"

Going *Kaa.....*, Shera's cheeks went red.

"AuAWAu.....Everyone just keeps saying children, children.....That's way too perverted!"

"It's something important!"

"Even I'm, properly thinking about it! I received, th, this.....from Diablo after all!"

Shera pushed her right hand out. In her opened palm, there was a silver ring. The Queen opened her eyes wide.

"Th, that is.....an Engagement Ring!?"

"ツ!?"

Even Rem and Rose gulped.

Shera nodded.

Diablo tilted his head.

—Eh? Did I, hand something like that over? Ah.....When we were in the treasury of the 《Demon King's Labyrinth》, was it that!?

Suddenly, Shera stopped her eyes on an article that was on a pedestal. It was a silver ring.

"Hey, Rem received a ring, right? I also want one, this sort of thing."

"Do as you like."

There weren't any articles that were cursed in the vicinity. Because of that,

Diablo didn't even check it.

Shera shouted.

"If I have this ring, I can have children even if it's with another race!"

—Whaaaaaaatttttttt!?

Diablo almost raised a loud voice on reflex.

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, the Engagement Ring had no effect whatsoever and only filled up an equipment slot.

The Engagement Ring that, due to the requests of a portion of users, could only be obtained in an event that couldn't be challenged unless they were a couple.

The Engagement Ring where characters that had it equipped had a high probability of being a couple with a fellow Player, and were said to be a riajuu.

Being an item collector, Diablo acquired even that kind of revolting item.

Did he participate in the couple-exclusive event with someone?

That was a dark past that he didn't want to remember.

—I made a second account, made a couple with myself, and participated!

To think that the Engagement Ring that he only had bitter memories of was "an item to make children with other races".

Moreover, to think that Diablo ended up giving that to Shera.

—Nono, wasn't that supposed to be impossible to transfer. I was able to transfer it over to Shera so simply. Is it because this isn't a game but reality?

That degree of freedom is way too high, other world!

An unpleasant sweat came out.

To think that him, someone who was bad at even just conversing with another person let alone have love experience, of all people ended up proposing to the princess of a country.

Marriage?

Are you telling a pillbug to fly through the sky?

Stop it.....It's dark and cool under a rock and it feels good. Don't try and drag me out into a place where the sun hits!

Inside of Diablo's head, nonsensical thoughts swirled about.

"Fu, fuhaha....."

He ended up letting out a weird laughter.

Rem breathed a sigh.

".....It would seem that we didn't know much detail about the Engagement Ring, doesn't it?"

"There isn't a description of it in this Rose's database either."

".....It isn't a weapon after all."

"If that is equipped, then the possibility of this Rose being blessed with Master's child is....."

".....Before that, didn't you call yourself a doll? You aren't even "another race"."

"Kuh!"

While they were having that kind of back and forth, Diablo regained his normal thinking process.

He was in the middle of battle right now.

If he thought about unnecessary things, he might take an unexpected counterattack.

—I need to concentrate!

In other words, he shelved the personal relations problem, and escaped from reality with the battle.

The Queen made a bewildered face.

"No way.....This can't be....."

It was an Engagement Ring from a Demon that called himself a Demon King. As a mother, it was surely a shock.

Within the chaos, there was a calm man.

Durango readied his sword, and stood in front of the Queen.

"Queen, please fall back! This is no longer a time to be exchanging words!"

"But....."

"What are you doing, guards! Would you take the Queen away already!"

Receiving an order, the Elven soldiers finally came using force. Raising the Queen up with several people, they carried her out of the plaza.

At last, only the ones fighting were left.

The spectators gulped and watched them from outside of the plaza.

Diablo squared off against Durango.

"Now then, I suppose I will defeat you now. If you do not wish to die, then you should submit to me."

"Fuu～.....You are a mysterious man."

"What are you talking about?"

"I mean, while saying such violent things, you didn't lay a hand on the soldiers and attendees that were running away."

"That is—"

As he was about to say something, Shera covered him.

"It's because Diablo is actually really kind!"

"Tha, th-th-that isn't the case! I merely thought nothing of the small fry! You should also step back!"

"Hyan!?"

He pushed Shera behind him.

Having understood him, Rem caught her, and dammed up the mouth of the Elf that talked a lot with one hand.

".....Are you stupid? Diablo is displaying his ability, and trying to make the Elves obey him through fear."

"Moga moga."

With that explanation as well, it really destroyed the atmosphere though.

Diablo turned his Magic Staff, the 《Tonnerre Empereur》, towards Durango.

"Enough of the drivel.....Hurry up, and come at me!"

"Yeah, it's on!"

The ground shook.

—Nn?

The forest became noisy. Birds flew away, and the voices of beasts were raised.

Fireballs came falling from the sky.

Not just in the plaza, fireballs fell even outside of it where the Elves were. Explosions occurred.

Diablo raised his voice.

"What in the world!?"

"Th, that's cowardly, you know!?"

"You fool! This is not my magic!"

Rose made a warning.

"Master, I sense high density magical power! From the north-northwest direction—"

Without having to be told that, even Diablo could feel it. Magical power poured down on him as if he were standing in the middle of a storm.

Looking at that direction, his body trembled with a bad premonition.

".....ツ.....The graveyard."

Maybe having noticed the same thing, Durango flusteredly made a commotion.

"It can't be!? This is too early!"

"Tsk.....So the seal was weakened much more than expected. Or maybe, its magical power was strong enough to wrench it open."

"No, even in the past records, there is no way the seal should have broken this fast!"

Beyond the trees, a black object could be seen.

It was gigantic as if a castle were floating. It had a shape similar to a distorted strawberry. Going *Dokun, dokun*, it pulsated.

《Demon King of the Heart, Cardia》

It slowly came travelling through the sky.

Countless tentacles grew out from the black orb. It looked as if a cluster of serpents squirmed about it.

Above the sinister Demon King, the figure of some person was there.

It was most likely the one that took part in this unforeseen revival.

They held a orb that shined red in their hands.

Their silver hair swayed in the wind.

Their eyes were black, their skin was dark brown as if sunburnt, and their ears were long.

It was Rafleisha S. Orangewood.

Part 5

With the heart portion still floating in mid-air, Rafleisha was carried over by the slender tentacles.

She got down to the center of the plaza.

Her black eyes, shined red.

"I tried coming here, because there was a large magical power.....but.....to think it was a person of the Races."

The appearance and voice was that of Rafleisha, but the tone was that of a completely different person.

As if they were the strings of a puppet, tentacles stretched out to Cardia's main body that was in the sky.

He felt like he would be overpowered by that strangeness.

He would lose if he faltered.

Diablo put strength into his abdomen.

"You.....Are you Cardia?"

"That is right, person of the Races."

"I, am the Demon King of another world Diablo. Do not consider me the same as a person of the Races."

"Diablo? I have.....not heard of you."

"Kukuku, so the Demon King that lost to God, and moreover just a mere fragment of it, does not know of me. I am the true Demon King. Be sure to remember that!"

Durango was astounded.

"Is that truly the Demon King Cardia!? Why, did it revive.....!?"

Rafleisha simply grabbed her own head with her left hand. Her being expressionless made the eeriness all the more prominent.

"This Dark Elf.....was tainted.....with hatred, enmity, and resentment. She wanted to kill. The Elves. The Humans. To massacre them all!"

With her own nails digging into her, blood ran down on her forehead.

Durango groaned.

"So she was manipulated? The Demon King, doing that to a Dark Elf priest....."

"It is an unleashing.....Unleashing of her will.....Fulfilment of her true desire!
Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!"

Diablo's group was at a loss for words at the words and actions of the Raffleisha with a strange atmosphere.

However, brushing aside that mood, Shera shouted.

"That's a lie! She said it after all! That it would be great if the Elves and the Dark Elves got along, she said that!"

Raffleisha's blazingly shining eyes suddenly went wide open.

"GUUOOo.....An Elf!! Elfffff! You damned traitor! Unforgivable! Give him backkkkk—!!"

At the same time she screamed, she stuck the orb out.

Cardia's tentacles became like whips, and came stretching out this way.

"Princess!"

Durango bravely tried to protect her.

Faster than him, Diablo fired magic.

"《Flare Burst》!!"

Explosions took place, and engulfed the approaching tentacles. They were burnt away.

—Yosh, magic gets through to it!

If it possessed Reflection or Void, it would have been a troublesome opponent, but it didn't seem like it even reduced the effect.

Since it was not yet implemented, he was cautious of just how strong it was, but was it surprisingly soft?

Rem came to Diablo's side.

"It's strange.....The orb in Raffleisha-sama's hands, it is something meant to seal the Demon King.....If it were completely revived, then it shouldn't have any sort of value."

"Fumu. Then the fact that she is carrying something like that with great care means....."

"Doesn't it mean that the seal still exists!?"

Having discovered hope, Rem let out a cheerful voice.

Diablo wrinkled his brow.

"Hmph.....So it is an "incomplete Demon King" yet again. This makes me quite unwilling. To stand before me in that sort of state.....What mockery!"

Diablo turned his Magic Staff into the large sword of light, 《Tonnerre Empereur • Libéré》.

Rafleisha who stood in front of him—was not the target he decided upon. It was the black mass in the shape of the heart that was floating overhead.

"You should scatter away from my magic. I shall give you bullets of purple lightning—《Enel Cannon》!!"

A magnetic field was formed through his magic, and a cannon ball appeared there. In an instant, it accelerated to the point of surpassing the speed of sound. Combustion spread from friction with the air.

Rem pressed down on the cat ears on her head due to the sudden thunderous roar.

"Kyau!?"

The effect of his weapon was invoked, and the magic was magnified sevenfold. The MP consumption also skyrocketed just as much though.

Diablo shouted.

"If you do not want to get dragged into this, then get away from me!"

".....Y, yes."

The shell that was sent flying hit Cardia.

Several tentacles were blown away.

—What about the the main body's magic resistance?

Rem's eyes opened wide.

"No way!? How could it be uninjured!?"

"Hmph.....That is only natural. If it were to go down with just one or two shots of magic, then it would not be called a Demon King."

Although he said that acting composed, he was flustered in his mind. If his magic was completely voided, far from just one or two shots, it would be uninjured even if he loaded a million shots on it.

Having absolutely no information was harsh.

—Well, if I were part of the front runner groups in the completing of new content, having no information would be the norm though!

Diablo used MP Recovery and Reinforce Magical Power Potions that he pulled out from his pouch.

"Feel terror, you incomplete product! I shall infinitely drive magic into you until you crumble into dust! Be frozen, 《Ice Age》!!"

As if being forced back, Rafleisha shouted.

"UUAAAaaaaaaaah————ツ!!"

Cardia's tentacles bent, and approached once again.

Moreover, this time it was ten at once.....And within those, there was another ten.

They passed through the wave of extremely low temperature.

"ツ!?"

With the impact running through him, Diablo fluttered about in midair.

It had quite the power.

His back crashed into large tree.

"Gahah!"

The air was spit out from the insides of his lungs. He nearly regurgitated his lunch.

Rem and Shera raised screams.

—I won't allow myself to fall in such an unsightly manner!

Although Diablo had gotten to his knees, he immediately stood up.

His body felt heavy as if he were carrying a lump of lead on his back or something. It seemed that he had received a considerable amount of damage.

—That was incredible might. Its range is super long range. It makes several simultaneous attacks that it doesn't seem like it's from a single enemy. And it's hard to even catch the tips of the tentacles with the naked eye, huh.

Those were quite broken abilities.

"Kukuku.....Good, as expected of a last monster. Isn't this what is expected of a Demon King!"

It wasn't like Diablo had one-sidedly received an attack.

Due to his freezing magic 《Ice Age》, a majority of Cardia's prided tentacles stopped moving.

Nevertheless, it seemed that there was no damage to the main body.

Although Diablo took an attitude that had an air of composure, he was thinking about this and that.

Even in the game, there were times where the enemy's stamina gauge didn't look like it decreased even though the attacks hit. Was there some sort of mechanism to it? Or could it be that due to having an enormously huge amount of stamina, the amount it decreased couldn't be observed?

Rafleisha gritted her teeth.

"Gugugu....."

"What's wrong? Do you not have any weapons other than those tentacles? As for me, I still have many more brutal magic spells. I shall let you try the next one."

"Kill! Those guys that took that person away.....Will not be forgiven!

AaAAaaaaAAAH!!"

She wasn't looking this way.

She was a completely insane Warrior.

Diablo strongly bit down his molars.

"That, again.....If you call yourself a king, then you should take pride in standing at the summit even in intelligence. Learn that fights are not so easy that you can win by becoming like a beast of the fields and losing your presence of mind!"

"UAAAAH!!"

An attack through tentacles just like earlier came.

"Do not bore me, Cardia! 《Lightning Storm》!!"

It was a high level magic that possessed Light and Wind attributes. A tornado obstructed the tentacles, while lightning brushed away the enemy.

No matter how fast the tentacle attack was, it wasn't as fast as lightning.

Due to the magic that had a quick activation after determining the attack's target, it gave damage while obstructing the opponent's attack. The tentacles turned into ash.

If he fired this in rapid succession, at the very least, he wouldn't be outpushed.

All that was left was to deal with how the main body seemed to be uninjured.

Was there some sort of mechanism? Or was it simply sturdy?

Dazzlingly bright magical power overflowed from the orb, and flowed to Rafleisha.

"Gahah!"

She spat up blood.

Shera talked.

"Diablo! The Demon King's power is coming out from that ball!"

"Mu."

—The magical power from the orb is flowing into Rafleisha.....And to the Cardia overhead?

It wasn't the other way around?

He thought for sure that the one floating overhead was the main body, and that after Rafleisha's role of lifting the seal, she was only being used as a terminal for conversational use but.....

Putting things together with Rem's earlier words, he thought about it.

"Ku ku ku.....I understand now, Cardia. You, you are still sealed, aren't you!?"

"Shut up!"

"So you are only manipulating Rafleisha from inside the orb, giving her magical power, and making her fight. The huge thing above, it's merely an illusion."

In that case, no matter how powerful the magic that he hit it with was, no matter what attribute he tried out on it, it made sense that it would seem uninjured.

Diablo fired his magic not at the heart that floated in the sky—not at Cardia, but at the Rafleisha who held the orb.

"《Lightning Arrow》!!"

The high speed bullet of light flew with high precision towards the orb that was in her hands.

The opponent didn't move.

The bullet of light.....

Just before it hit the orb—swerved.

Diablo didn't hit it on purpose.

Maybe because she was being manipulated, Rafleisha's expression didn't change, but the Demon King's emotions appeared in the magical power flowing from the orb.

For an instant, it was cut off.

Bewilderment? Surprise? Or was it disappointment?

Diablo shrugged his shoulders.

"If I apply the conditions from the time with Rem, if either magical power is poured into the orb, or if it is destroyed, the seal will be broken, right?"

Or, the Ceremony Magic that undoes the seal. Rafleisha should have known it, but she didn't hold a ceremony. She was dominated by hatred and turned into Cardia's puppet, but she might not be completely dominated.

"In either event, you were hoping that the seal would break from another person's attack, weren't you? Naive. Truly naive! Do not clump me together

with fools that would indiscriminately exert their power if things turned into a fight."

—Being cautious of traps when you feel that you've won, that is what a Gamer does!

Rafleisha's shoulders trembled.

"U, UUuu....."

"Hmph.....Were you happy since the outside of the seal was right before your fingertips? You made a mistake in judgment, you damned fool. To think that you would challenge this Diablo in an incomplete state."

"UoGUgu, damn, you! Damn youuuuuuーツ!!"

The Cardia overhead vanished.

So it really was an illusion.

The camouflage was undone.

Rafleisha only made a vacant face and stood there.

A countless number of jet black tentacles grew from the orb that was in her hands.

Diablo curved the ends of his lips.

"Did you think that the people of the Races could not see the flow of magical power? It is because of that foolishness, that you lost to God."

In place of a shout, magical power flooded out from the orb.

The tentacles made the air oscillate.

In mid-air, a fireball that shined in a color close to white appeared. It were as if a small sun had sprung forth close to the ground.

It was enough that the heat could be felt even when away from it.

The ground was burned.

Rafleisha, who was directly below it, would not get off scot-free.

It was an attack that he had not seen before.

—Is it magic? Or could it be a special attribute attack!?

Controlling the small sun, Cardia shouted through Rafleisha's mouth.

"Scatter away.....《Falling Solar》!!"[\[1\]](#)

"So it was chant magic!"

Diablo stuck out his left hand.

What was fitted on his finger was the 《Demon King's Ring》. It would reflect any

and all magic—Even if it was magic that a Demon King fired.

Kiiiiin A high-pitched sound was made.

An undulating effect spread out in the air.

The gigantic fireball that came falling returned to the sky just like that.

".....ツ!?"

Cardia, through Rafleisha's eyes, dumbfoundedly gazed at that spectacle, and seemed to have already forgotten to even let out a voice.

He spoke even more overbearingly than ever before.

"Ku ku ku.....Just now, did you, do something?"

In his mind, he wiped a cold sweat.

—Thank goodness Magic Reflection was able to workkkkk—!!

Since it was an unknown attack, in all honesty, he was extremely nervous. It's because he felt that it would be dangerous if it made a direct hit.

Cardia was not implemented in the MMORPG Cross Reverie that Diablo knew of. It was most likely going to be implemented in the near future, and a monster greater than level 150. In other words, that just now was probably magic learned at above level 150.

Feeling a danger to his life for the first time in a while, he shuddered.

Goton The orb tumbled to the ground.

It separated from Rafleisha's hands. She, while remaining expressionless as usual, leaked out a voice of deeply held resentment.

"F, for this Demon King.....to lose to a mere inferior person of the Races.....How could this be....."

"Are those, words for when I've cleared this? You are lacking ingenuity."

"Due to this useless thing.....Received humiliation."

"Mu!?"

He had a bad premonition.

The tentacles that stretched out from the orb that had fallen to Rafleisha's feet, all of them had lost strength, and languidly sprawled out on the ground.

However, one of them was sharp like a long sword, and stretched straight out.

Cardia's tentacle pierced her abdomen.

It pierced through even her back.

"Gyau!?"

As if she had regained her sanity through the pain, Rafleisha raised a scream

with her own voice.

Cardia's tentacle vanished, and even the discharge of the sinister magical power from the orb had stopped.

However, this wasn't the time to focus on that.

Rem and Shera raised screams, and Durango bit his lip.

Blood loudly spilled out.

Rafleisha crumbled down.

"Ah.....!? Ahh.....!?"

"Don't screw with me!"

—That unreasonably stubborn third-rate bastard!! On top of thoroughly using her, it took her down with it!?

Diablo ran to her.

Kicking away the orb that tumbled to her feet, he knelt down next to Rafleisha who was in a pool of blood.

"Don't die!"

"Ah.....Guh.....I'm.....sorr....."

"Rafleisha-sama!"

Rem came running over. Shera was also with her.

"Rafleisha-san!"

Durango talked sounding vexed.

"It's no good.....With this injury.....She can't be saved."

"Sorr.....plea, se.....forgive....."

Shera grabbed her stretched out hand.

"The one to blame, is the Demon King! There's nothing to forgive. Rafleisha-san, you aren't at fault!"

"My, weakness.....Forgive, me.....Forest.....to the.....Dark Elves....."

"I'll keep our promise!"

With blood stained lips, Rafleisha expressed a smile.

"Thank, good.....ness.....you.....were.....the.....prin....."

Strength was being lost from her hand.

Diablo used an 《Elixir》.

Rafleisha's wound closed up in an instant, and her HP made a complete recovery. Incidentally, her MP also made a complete recovery, and any and all Bad Statuses were normalized.

She repeatedly blinked her eyes several times over what had just happened.

".....Eh? Wh.....at?"

"I gave you the order “don’t die”, you know, Rafleisha?"

While feeling relieved that he made it in time, Diablo talked with a solemn voice.

"Wha!? Are you saying you brought her back to life!?"

Having already given up hope, Durango opened his eyes wide.

Even if 《Elixir》 was the strongest recovery potion, it was unable to resurrect people. He only made it in time to heal her.

Shera hugged Rafleisha.

"Hooray—!!"

Rem breathed a sigh.

"Fuu.....You’re the same as ever, Diablo. I have no idea just how many people have been saved thanks to you."

"Hmph.....I merely found it irritating for things to go Cardia’s way, and lightly prevented it."

Rafleisha stared at her own hands, and was dumbfounded.

"I, am not.....dead.....?"

"Making me spend time like that. Once you’ve calmed down, tell me what happened. Well, I can imagine the gist of it though."

While being disoriented, Rafleisha raised her body, and lowered her head while kneeling.

"Diablo-dono, I nearly took the lives a great number of people. To think that you would even save this body of mine on top of obstructing the Demon King Cardia’s revival.....Just how in the world should I thank you. Offering my life to you would be insufficient."

"Due to a fool assuming the title of Demon King appeared before me, I merely crushed its schemes. It is not like I had tried to save you."

"Even if that is the case, I shall never forget this favor for the rest of my life."

"Do as you wish."

When he thought that the first stage was completed, Rose, who was standing in wait behind him, raised her voice.

"Master, I sense high density magical power!"

Translator’s Notes:

[\[1\]](#)

Original: オチルソー. I wasn't sure if I should keep it at "Ochiru Solar" or not.
The moves are usually said in English or close to it.

Part 6

When he turned around, it was when someone was coming down from the sky.

There were two people.

One of them was a slender young girl.

She wore a china dress-style outfit where the chest was open in a diamond shape. Her black hair was done up in a side tail to the right.

A Seiryuutou (Green Dragon Crescent Blade)^[1] of absurd size was hung at her waist.

She was a beautiful young girl, but it seemed that she was not a person of the Races. From the dress that had a deep slit in it, a tail with scales and resembled that of a dragon's was hanging out. And she had grown wings from her back.



—A Demonic Being!?

The other one was a giant was more than twice as big as an average person of

the Races. It was most likely a man.

It was wearing armor, but there was only one gigantic eyeball on its head. It was a so-called 《Cyclops》-type Demonic Being.

It held a Shakujo (Khakkara/monk's staff)^[2] in its hand. It was only a bit longer than its height, but it was also about five meters long.

Despite having a mouth that was lined with tusks like that of a beast, the Cyclops spoke fluently.

"I thought that I had sensed Cardia's magical power but....."

It would seem that although they were Demonic Beings, they were not Cardia's subordinates.

The young china dress girl pouted her lips.

"It's totally not here."

"I am terribly sorry. However, is this not the 《Sealing Crystal》 that was in our order?"

The orb that Diablo kicked away earlier was tumbled at their feet. It was the Divine Crystal that sealed Cardia.

Durango shouted.

"Not good! We must not hand that over to the Demonic Beings!"

"One thing after another, what a pain!!"

Diablo readied his weapon.

Rose stepped forward.

"I shall, stop them!"

It was an appropriate judgment. In the event that he used a powerful magic strong enough to repulse the Demonic Beings, there was the possibility that it would also end up destroying the orb.

Separating the enemy from the orb first using close combat was a good plan.

Kicking the ground, Rose closed in on them.

From her back, gigantic machine arms appeared. It was the 《Magimatic Soul》. She abruptly fired a killer technique.

"《Krios》!!"

The mechanical arms made a directly horizontal side swipe with the double-headed sword that it held in its hands.

The Cyclops received it with his Shakujo.

From the battles up until now, they had expected that it would easily bisect him

but—

A loud metallic sound resounded.

Immediately following that—The Cyclops went from a receiving stance and fired a “thrust” in an instant. It was as if a motion frame was skipped.

It was way too fast, and he couldn’t see it.

"Gya.....ツ!?"

With a speed twice as fast as when she was thrust into, Rose was blown away.

A cloud of dust was raised, and she had fallen flat on the ground.

Diablo reflexively shouted.

"Rose!?"

".....Ah.....Gah"

Using her left arm, she raised her body up. Thank goodness, she seemed to be alive.

However, the right arm that should have been holding her weapon wasn’t to be found.

Rose’s right arm was gone from her shoulder!

It had tumbled down in a place distant from her, still holding onto her weapon.

The 《Magimatic Soul》 had vanished. He didn’t know if it vanishes when it receives damage, or if she had put it back but.....

The Cyclops talked sounding impressed.

"Hou, so you can still move, doll."

The young china dress Demonic Being girl with a dragon tail picked up Cardia’s orb.

"I will go and deliver this. You clean this place up."

"Understood."

Durango stepped forward.

"W, wait! Why, are you taking that!? You two, do you plan on reviving Cardia!?"

If they were Demonic Beings, their objective should be the Demon King’s revival.

However, in that case, they should just destroy the orb. Why was there a need to take it away?

The young girl smiled with a grin.

"Fufun.....That’s wrong. We won’t let someone like Cardia revive. The Great

Demon King Modinalaam-sama is going to absorb this!"

"Great Demon King!? Is that the one who revived in the western Demon King territory.....!?"

"I don't really know how they are introduced for the people of the Races though."

"That guy, you said they were.....going to absorb, Cardia?"

"Even if it were to fight against the Races while still incomplete, it would eventually be forced back, right? It's because although the people of the Races are weaklings in times of peace, when the fights continue, they suddenly become strong. That is why Modinalaam-sama said that he is going to become complete."

The Cyclops muttered.

"That is something you must not talk about."

"Nn? Ah.....Erm, then, you go and massacre them. If you do that, it'll be the same as not talking about it!"

"Understood."

"Ufufufufufufu.....If I take this back, I will receive praise from Great Demon King-sama. I might become even stronger!"

Durango tried to detain her.

"W, wait! I cannot let you go.....ツ!!"

"You fool, concentrate on the enemy before you!"

Diablo shouted.

The young Demonic Being girl already held Cardia's orb in her arms. If he used a high powered magic, it would only end up destroying it.

In this situation, he didn't think that making the Demon King revive was the correct action.

—In the worst case, we'll end up facing against two Demonic Beings and Cardia at the same time!?

It wasn't a simple enemy even when it was alone.

Rose, who made the 《Magimatic Soul》 appear, defeated a Large Black Dragon with one attack. She was strong enough to mow down the enemy altogether if they were small-type Demonic Beings.

But that Cyclops had floored her with one attack.

He was without a doubt a formidable enemy.

Moreover, going by the attitude of the young Demonic Being girl wearing a china dress, she was probably even stronger than the Cyclops.

—These guys, they aren't small fry.

They were either equal to the commander of the Demon King army that attacked Zircon Tower City, Vanaknes, or stronger.

The young Demonic Being girl holding the orb spread out her dragon-like wings. She rose up.

"See— ya—, I'll leave the rest to you!"

"Understood."

She flew away.

Diablo didn't take his gaze off from the Cyclops.

"Rem, Shera, protect Rafleisha and yourselves!"

".....Y, yes. Leave it to us."

"Un! Be careful!"

The two girls had many experiences of being together with Diablo when he fought against a formidable enemy. They understood how much distance they needed to take.

Diablo turned his Magic Sword towards the Cyclops.

"Hmph.....Close combat seems to be your strong point. In that case, let us test out how well you do in a fight against a Magician."

"How comical."

"What did you say?"

"When trampling an ant, you do not worry about every little thing like what that ant's specialty is. All people of the Races, are weak."

"Kukuku.....To think you would treat me like an insect. If you have the ability that corresponds to that tall talk of yours, then show it to me!"

He poured magical power into his large sword, the 《Tonnerre Empereur • Libéré》.

At the same time, the Cyclops moved.

Despite his large build, he had an uncommon speed.

In an instant, he appeared right before his very eyes.

"Ze ah!"

He came with a thrust with his gigantic Shakujo. Diablo invoked his magic faster than that.

"《Darkness Cannon》!!"

It was a high ranking Darkness attribute magic. A jet black cannonball was fired. Moreover, due to the effect of his weapon, seven shots were scattered like a buckshot.

"Guoooo!?"

The Demonic Being's silver armor was smashed up.

The Cyclops was taken aback in a showy way.

However, Diablo's field of vision was also dyed red.

".....Guh!?"

Even despite choosing magic that had an especially fast activation even amongst the other high power magic spells, he ended up with a simultaneous strike with this Demonic Being.

Moreover, even though it looked like he didn't use a big move against him, he had received a good amount of damage.

It seemed that the Cyclops also found the simultaneous strike to be surprising.

"A mere person of the Races had.....!?"

He raised an astonished voice.

Diablo raised up the ends of his lips.

"Good.....You're pretty tough. You're much more of a formidable opponent than even Cardia, aren't you. You mere underling!"

"Be crushed!"

Making use of the difference in their height, he slammed the Shakujo into him from overhead.

When he thought that, the ground was already gouged out.

He was truly fast.

"However, your movements are simple!"

If it went as he expected, it was possible to evade.

Although Diablo was a Magician, due to this foresight and reaction speed, close combat was his strong point.

He thrust the 《Tonnerre Empereur • Libéré》 which had the shape of a sword.

With a Magician's STR, even if it was a high level weapon, he couldn't expect to make any significant damage with a physical attack.

That wasn't his aim, and he fired a magic that could only be used at point-blank range.

"Become ash—《Matoi Izuna》!!"

At the tip of the sword, a clump of lightning appeared. The shining sphere was absorbed into the Cyclops' large build.

Bachi bachi Sparks spread.

"GOGAAaGGAHAHGAHGAHGAGAGAGA!!"

With his whole body making spasms, the Cyclops shouted.

Gutsu gutsu His gigantic eyeball was boiling.

《Matoi Izuna》 was a Wind and Light attribute magic. After continually giving slip damage for a fixed amount of time to the opponent and paralyzing them, it had an effect of giving a large amount of damage.

An explosion occurred.

A pillar of light pierced the heavens.

When Demonic Beings were defeated, they would change into particles of light. However, before Diablo's eyes, the Cyclops was standing there despite his whole body being scorched.

"Kill, you!"

"Damned sturdy fellow....."

"UOoooooーッ!!"

While shouting, the Demonic Being blindly swung his Shakujo.

So against Diablo who made predictions and evaded, this was an attack to not let him do that. Despite him being in this kind of situation, it was a calm judgment.

With his options reduced, Diablo could only fall back.

However, in terms of speed for closing the distance, the Cyclops was higher.

The Shakujo drew near.

"Die!"

"That is an appropriate attack, I shall praise you. However, you aren't watching your surroundings, are you."

"Ah.....?"

The Cyclops' head flew.

At his back, Rose, who had made the 《Magimatic Soul》 appear, stood there. Her right arm was missing, but she had her left arm make a directly horizontal sweep.

Matching that movement, the gigantic arms that extended out from empty

space held the double-headed sword in its left hand, and made a directly horizontal side sweep.

"Fuuー, fuuー.....I will not, let you interfere.....with Master!"

"Good job, Rose. Leave the rest to me."

".....ツ.....Yes."

Her lips trembled.

Rose was a Magimatic Maid, a machine. Both her expressions and her gestures should be the operating results of her AI. Even so, her emotions were transmitted to him to the point that it hurt.

She had pride. She wouldn't let it end with her losing.

In order to let Rose attack, Diablo induced the Demonic Being to chase after him in a straight line.

Even after losing his head, the Cyclops was not extinguished.

Even without a field of vision or thoughts, his fighting spirit was still going strong, and he was still swinging his Shakujo. His attack that was like a tornado was still going strong.

Diablo readied his large sword.

"You're a tenacious fellow. I shall give you another shot! 《Matoi Izuna》!!"

The large bodied Demonic Being was smashed up.

Finally, the Cyclops became particles of light, and dispersed.

Rose nodded looking satisfied.

Rem and Shera raised an applause, and Rafleisha let out a sigh of relief.

With the battle of a whole other level that happened before his eyes, Durango was astounded.

The Elves ran over from within the forest while raising their voices. Diablo put up his guard, wondering what was going on.

The Elves shouted.

They were, words praising his victory.

Translator's Notes:

[1] Original: 青龍刀

[2] Original: 錫杖

Epilogue

Part 1

A great number of Elves returned to the plaza where the fumes of battle had yet to vanish.

In front of Diablo, Durango had gotten down on one knee.

He had put down his sword.

"I would like to ask for forgiveness for my many impolite acts towards you."

It seemed that his opinion had changed due to the difference in ability that was shown right before his eyes. There was no longer any reason to quarrel with him, but reconciling with him immediately would make him too good of a person and wasn't very Demon King-like.

"Hmph.....What's wrong? Are we not going to continue the matter from earlier?"

"Surely you jest. There is no way someone like me would be a match for you. Rather, Diablo-sama, you were worrying yourself over how to not injure us.....I have come to realize that."

"Uu, no."

He thought about denying that, but after having shown that grand of a fight, it was clear that he was holding back at the beginning.

Shera stood next to him, and expressed a smile.

She would normally be hugging him, but right now, she was hugging Raffleisha's arm.

Raffleisha was making a long face. She probably had a sense of self-reproach for having caused this situation due to being manipulated by Demon King Cardia. Certainly, she might have part of the responsibility for it.

However, with Shera showing a friendly attitude with her, there was no one that would criticize her. Her being company to Diablo who had resolved the situation might have also been a reason.

Rem was supporting Rose.

".....Please do not collapse here. I will be crushed."

"It is strange but, right now, I very much feel like I am going to collapse."

".....Stop that."

In just their words alone, they had returned to their usual style.

However, Rose had lost her right arm up to her shoulder. It seemed that it could not be fixed with potions or Healing Miracles.

Rose had high performance, but being unable to be fixed with normal methods was a trait of hers. There was a need to deal with this somehow.

Shera turned towards the Elves and made a triumphant look.

"Diablo is amazing, isn't he!"

Being formally praised like that, he was embarrassed.

There was no one that denied it.

Durango nodded.

"Princess Shera's discerning eye, it fills me with awe. If it was just us alone, I am sure we would have not been able to defeat the Demonic Beings from earlier."

—One of them got away though.

That is what he thought, but decided to not say it out loud. There was no need to expressly throw cold water on the victorious mood.

The Elves spared him no praise.

Standing up, Durango climbed the partially destroyed altar.

"Everyone, please listen to me! A never before seen crisis is approaching the Races. Not to only the Humans, nor to only the Elves, it is to all of the Races.

Those Demonic Beings had said this—That the Great Demon King is reviving!"

A commotion spread amongst the Elves.

".....Great Demon King?"

"It has been said that the Great Demon King Modinalaam is the 《Demon King of Insanity》. It seems that it is trying to become a complete Demon King by absorbing sealed Demon Kings. What should the Greenwood Kingdom do regarding this crisis!? Who is worthy of being king!?"

From the Elves, voices endorsing Durango were raised.

His leadership skills were high. It was only natural that those kinds of opinions would come out.

However, he shook his head left and right.

"I am sorry but.....That is impossible for me. After seeing the earlier fight, I am sure that everyone knows this as well—We are of different ranks."

"In that case, who would be good!?"

He answered that voice of a young Elven man.

".....The Greenwood Kingdom requires a king. Moreover, in the current age, it needs to be a strong king. An overwhelmingly strong king that could survive even in a fight against the Great Demon King!"

The gazes of the Elves naturally gathered at one spot.

It was towards Diablo.

Durango descended from the altar.

"I shall formally ask this of you, Diablo-sama—Please protect the Greenwood Kingdom and Princess Shera."

He knelt down once again.

The Elves also knelt down one by one.

Only one person was standing there dumbfounded.

It was the Queen.

"....."

Diablo folded his arms and confronted her.

"Are you dissatisfied?"

"There is no mistake that an unprecedented crisis is coming. I shall also acknowledge that a strong king is needed in the Greenwood Kingdom. And then, your ability as well.....You are terrifyingly strong. If you had not been here, the kingdom would have been lost, and both Shera and I would not be alive right now."

"I am not an Elf though."

"I do not mind. If everyone approves of it, then that person is worthy of being king. If you have the backbone for it that is."

—I fundamentally don't have the backbone for it. I am a Hikikomori Gamer after all!

However, there was no way he could just abandon them in this situation. The aftertaste would be too terrible.

Diablo made a declaration sounding self-important.

"I am a Demon King called from a chaotic other world! I go where I wish to go, and I fight those who I wish to fight. If you are fine with me despite that, I shall protect you when I feel like it."

"Thank you. Please take care of this country."

She made a very deep bow.

Going *Waa—!!*, the Elves raised shouts of joy.

"Banzai for the King! Banzai for God! O Greenwood Kingdom, be eternal!"
Even matching their voices, they got into a melody, and before long, it changed into a song of praise.
They seemed delighted.
Shera also raised her voice.
Rem and Rafleisha also softened their expressions.

For the time being, I guess this was good—Thinking that, Diablo's mouth also loosened up.

Part 2

In the plaza, the Elves were still singing.

Diablo's group withdrew to the guest house pretending that it was for medical treatment.

In his private room, he was alone together with Rose. Taking off the top half of her tattered clothing, he checked on her right shoulder.

He was unfamiliar with machines, but the metal tea bowl-like joint part was crushed open, and it seemed that the sphere on the arm's side was out of place. In other words, it was definitely broken beyond a doubt.

"You've been done in quite flashily."

"I am terribly sorry, Master. I had been defeated."

"So both potions and priest's miracles are unusable."

"It is because this Rose is a Magimatic."

"Is there anyone that can repair you?"

To begin with, was there a setting as to where she was made and by who?

"Something like a manufacturer is not in my database, but if we go to Master's base, there is a maintenance bed."

"The 《Demon King's Labyrinth》 huh."

"I cannot perfectly attend to Master with only one arm."

"That's true."

Diablo breathed a sigh.

While being considerate and trying to not look at her chest as much as possible, he put her clothes back to how they were.

"Specifically, pai●ri and three point attacks^{[\[1\]](#)} have become impossible."

"I haven't had you do that before, right!?"

He reflexively shouted.

Going *Ahem.....*, Diablo cleared his throat and corrected himself.

"Those sorts of acts are unnecessary, but I cannot leave being the vanguard to you as you are now. It would be best to fix you up quickly."

"Yes."

Diablo's base, the 《Demon King's Labyrinth》, was on the outskirts of Zircon

Tower City in the Demon King territory.

However, Zircon Tower City was abandoned due to the Demon King army's aggression, and was now not a base for the Races.

"Since the land routes are not possible, I guess I'll use Transfer again."

He had a countless number of Transfer-type items that he had stocked up on. However, since Rose was treated as a tool, she was unable to use Transfer on her own. It seemed that she could move about freely within the base though. To go to the base, Diablo would need to take her there.

She hung her head.

"To think I would become a bother to Master.....This Rose is a failure of a maid."

"Rose....."

Diablo embraced her head as she was feeling depressed. In order to demonstrate that he cherished her.

"M, Master.....!?"

In a rare event, she became flustered.

However, she did not refuse him. It was an act that he thought would be alright, but he was actually glad that she didn't hate it.

"It really helps me that you are always the first one to jump into danger. You getting injured is also due to my response being late. I should have sensed them much faster, and restrained them before they got close."

Honestly, going against those two Demonic Beings at the same time while protecting the people around him would have been difficult though.

"Master is always perfect!"

".....So that I can be like that, I will become even stronger."

He spoke out what he had been thinking since a little while ago.

"In this other world, even if other Classes are leveled up, it seems that the abilities of one's original Class are not lost."

"Yes."

"I am thinking of expanding to the Warrior-type."

"Master is going to be a Warrior!?"

"Does it not suit me?"

The Great Demon King Modinalaam's type was unknown, but if it were a Warrior-type, it would surely be faster than the Cyclops Demonic Being. Even

the china dress Demonic Being might be overwhelmingly faster than Diablo. To protect his allies from them, only evading like he had done up until now was no good.

That being said, this was not limited to cutting through with firepower.

“Receiving” was needed.

—I never thought that I would aim to become a 《Punching Magician》 though.

"I had heard an interesting story from a certain Warrior, you see. Once this country reaches a point where we can pause, I intend on trying to visit the northern mountains."

"If it is Master's idea, there is no mistake that is the correct action. By all means, do as you wish. While Rose is repairing this unsightly wound on the bed, she will be dreaming of the day she can serve you once again and will continue waiting for it. No matter how long."

"I do not feel that it will be that slow and take so much time though."

In this other world, leveling up is difficult. If done normally, it would surely take up one's whole life to master sword techniques.

However, if he could do Warrior-type training while having his abilities as a Magician in reserve, he should be able to take a shortcut that was prohibited even in the game. It was another experiment.

Translator's Notes:

[\[1\]](#)

When three erogenous spots are stimulated simultaneously.

Part 3

Night—

Nights of the Elven country are dark.

Since they possessed night vision, they did not go out of their way to use lights. Diablo looked down on the surroundings from the large tree that was made into the royal family's living room.

—It's a mere dark forest.

Durango was standing next to him.

"Good work for today, Your Majesty."

He wasn't used to it yet, but since he has been enthroned as the Greenwood Kingdom's king, Diablo was in a position to be called "Your Majesty".

After escorting Rose to the base—

Concerning the management of the nation, Diablo was provided a spot in the conversation with the leading figures of the Elves that went on to the middle of the night.

That being said, it would be of no use for an ordinary person to speak up in national politics. Diablo only observed.

If one thought that if a modern person were transferred to the Middle Ages and would be able to reform the country just by giving a bit of their opinion, that is a great mistake.

A country is a group, and a group is an ignorant, idle, and emotional thing.

It is not like it is limited to visitors. Historically, cases where the precise plans of knowledgeable idealists weren't accepted by the foolish masses and, as a result, invited tragedy, there were too many of them to count.

To anyone that thought they would be able to do reformations in the Middle Ages, he wanted to say this—that, it's like opening a school in a monkey mountain.

If a wise man were to prepare ten proposals, getting tired of it on the third one and breaking into a dance is what the masses would do, what the country would do.

He was enthroned as king because others wished him to do so, and he felt that

he wanted to protect Shera's homeland from the Demon King. However, things like the Elves' carefree lifestyle had nothing to do with him.

Diablo had absolutely no intention having anything to do with their domestic affairs.

He said this to Durango.

"Things regarding national politics, I will leave them to you. Use your own discretion."

"Yes, I will do my very best to serve you. Due to having worked as the previous king's close aide, I have a fairly good understanding of things. I believe there will be no need to worry in regards to government affairs."

"Umu."

If this were a peaceful era, having Durango become king would have been unmistakably better for the populace.

He casually tried asking about something that had bothered him.

"You, when we had first met, you did some strange acting, didn't you?"

"Th, that is....."

It was shitty acting that even Diablo who was bad at seeing through lies could tell.

"Did you try to be hated by Shera? What meaning was there to that?"

Durango scratched his head.

"It would seem that I have no talent for acting.....I was most likely seen through by the Queen Dowager as well."

"Since she's simple, it seems that Shera was fooled though."

He looked left and right to check.

"I would like to ask that this be confidential but....."

"This is an order, tell me. Whether or not I reveal it to others, I shall decide after hearing it."

"How unreasonable."

While dropping his shoulders, Durango opened his mouth.

He talked with an unusually serious expression.

"To be honest, I like women with small chests."

".....What?"

"Elves are slender and wonderful, but I feel an attraction only for those with small chests even among them who could be mistaken as male. Ah, of course, I

have no interest in men. The elastic body of a woman with no unnecessary excess flesh is absolute perfection, and I feel that it is artistry that could be called the extreme point of modelled beauty. I even feel sexual arousal for sides where the ribs are visible on the surface. I am also charmed by childish bodies, but I dislike it when my talk cannot be understood, so in that sort of meaning, it is hard to give up on Grasswalkers as well."

"Shut up for a bit."

"P, pardon me."

Durango was red in the face and being ashamed.

Going *U—mu*, Diablo started to ponder.

Certainly, Shera had huge breasts that weren't appropriate for Elves. Moreover, her head was disappointing to a level that some talks didn't get across to her. She was the antithesis to his tastes.

There is no high or low to breasts! is what Diablo believed but.....

The things known as fetishes, anyone was free to have them without any hindrance, and he somehow felt like he needed to help him.

Diablo nodded.

"I shall allow it, you should go down the path that you like. There is also value in not having any."

"Ooh.....What incredible broad-mindedness! Before the king's magnanimity, I feel nothing but shame for hiding my own pygmy. You are a true king!"

"Keep it a secret, got it?"

"Yes!"

Was it alright to receive the title of "true king" just for showing an understanding of liking tiny breasts?

The direction of the wind changed.

Diablo grabbed a single leaf that was dancing in the wind just for fun.

Durango asked him a question.

"Your Majesty, isn't it about a good time for you to go?"

"Fumu.....I suppose it would be best to do it quickly."

"Yes."

"The forest's blessing has returned. The Queen Dowager also consents to my going on a journey. I suppose there is no reason to stay long in this forest. There is no telling when the Demon King army's invasion will be, and if I am to depart,

the faster the better."

"Ah, no....."

"Is it about the Demonic Beings? Certainly, due to having defeated the Cyclops, there is the possibility that the other one would attack once again. You all should run away at that time. You all would not be a match for her."

"That is, not what I meant."

"What is it?"

"It is about time, for your bridal night.....Princess Shera.....Pardon. I believe the new Queen Shera, is waiting."

—Seriously?

"B, bridal night.....you say?"

"The populace is in anticipation for an heir. Ahh, as for the royal bedchambers, it is at the end of this branch. It is on the third large tree over. Seeing as how the Queen Dowager has already changed residences, there is no need to feel reserved."

"O, ou."

"I shall also take my leave. By all means, please be gentle with her. Though, since I am sure you have long since formed a relationship with her, I believe you are already used to it by now."

—Shera and I don't have that sort of relationship, you know!?

He felt that there was a grand misunderstanding being made here.

"You do not need to have groundless suspicions in unnecessary things!"

"Yes. Well then."

Durango made a bow and left from the top of the large tree.

Rem and Rafleisha were in the guest house, and were probably already sleeping. Rose had gone to rest on a bed at the 《Demon King's Labyrinth》.

The Elves were eagerly waiting for an heir.

Diablo turned his eyes towards the end of the forest branch. A dim glow was lit. Elves did not require lighting.

In other words, that light, was a light for the sake of beckoning Diablo.

—A bridal night!?

To be continued

Afterword

Thank you very much for reading the seventh volume of [Isekai Maou to Shoukan Shoujo no Dorei Majutsu].

This is the author, Murasaki Yukiya.

I had written up to midway of Horun's Academy Arc, but after noticing that it wouldn't fit in terms of the number of pages, I ended up leaving it up for another time. Taking the story into consideration, I am thinking of putting it out eventually if possible.

This volume, I wanted it to link the plot up as the start of the Great Demon King Arc, but the Dark Elf episode had expanded more than I thought, and ended going as far as the forest of the Elves. Since the Great Demon King's subordinates were able to make an appearance, I was somehow able to fit it in but.....If I were to write it with the general number of pages for light novels, it wouldn't fit in at all. For the book series, after receiving permission from the editor, each volume has become somewhat larger. This might be the first time for me to put out two new towns in a single volume, isn't it? New characters had also been introduced. I would be blessed if you were able to enjoy it.

The next volume is planned to be Diablo's training episode. Look forward to him powering up even more!

This is some advertisement—The fourth volume of the greatly popular comic by means of Fukuda Naoto-sensei has been published at the same time as this book. The serialization is in the WEB manga Niconico Seiga [Wednesday Series]! [The 14 Year Old and the Illustrator] (MF Bunko J) that Mizoguchi Cage-sensei is also designing is in the middle of publication. It is a comedy where being the illustrator of a light novel is the protagonist's job.

The long running war chronicle of [Altina the Sword Princess], and the novelization of the game [The Millenium War, The White Empire Arc] (Famitsu Bunko) are in the middle of publication. Please treat each respective one of them well!

Thanks—

Tsurusaki Takahiro-sensei, thank you for the wonderful illustrations this time as

well! They are radically becoming increasingly cuter. I once again felt that dark skinned Elves are nice.

Designer from Afterglow, Ooishi-sama, thank you very much for all you've done. Shouji-sama who is in charge of editing, it should have been a schedule that held leeway but.....It turned out the same as usual again. Sorry. The publication was made thanks to you.

Everyone of the Kodansha Lightnovel Bunko Editorial Department and people of the staff. Family and friends that gave me support.

And then, I give my highest level of gratitude to the dear readers that read this. Thank you very much!

Murasaki Yukiya